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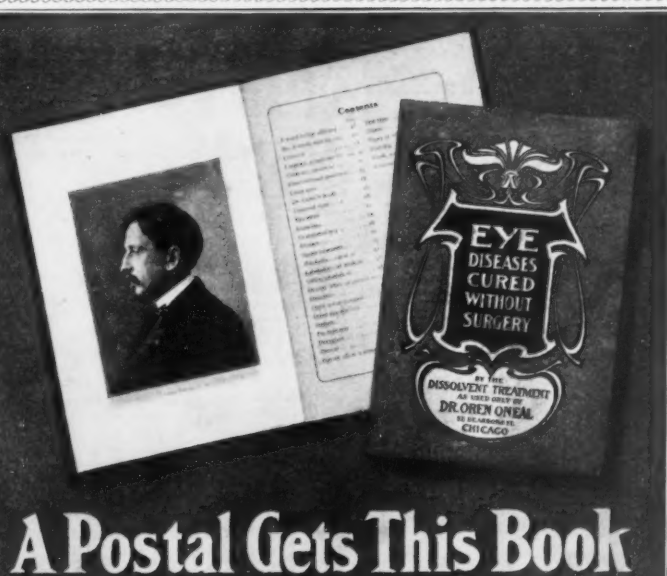
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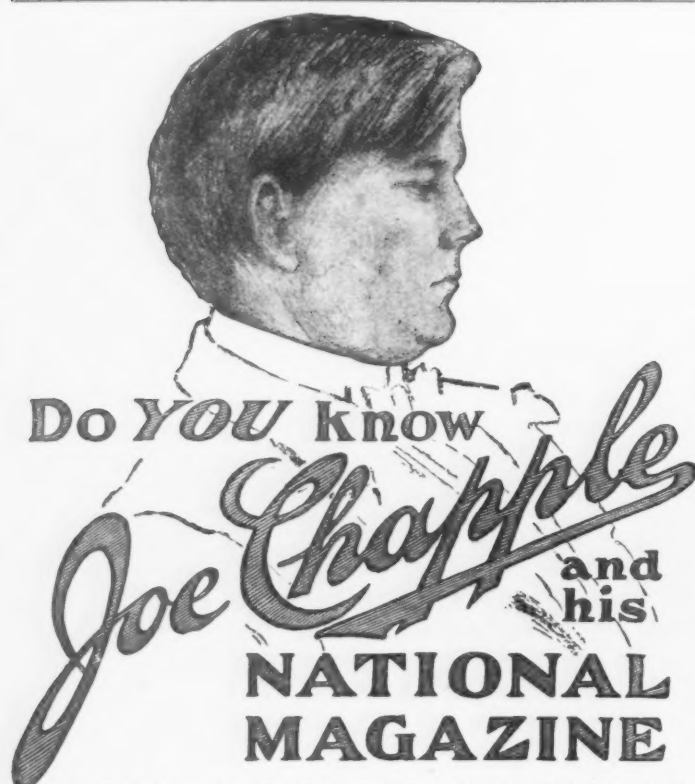
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New York, Saturday, December 26, 1903

## HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR JANUARY

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# COLLIER'S

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR JANUARY



LOOKING ACROSS THE CENTURY

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT



**R**EPUBLICANISM IS GAINING in most leading countries of Europe, the most conspicuous exception being where we should least expect to find it, in England. In Italy there is so much danger, from the monarchical point of view, that the King's lack of sons is looked upon with anxiety, although he has no shortage in male relatives who are proper heirs to the throne. The fear is that any excuse might be seized upon to set up a republic, which is persistently advocated by a considerable party. In Spain, Republican sentiment is increasing. In Germany, opposition to military and arbitrary government is so frequently identified with opposition to monarchy that Chancellor von Bülow, the other day, in answer to the Socialist leader, Herr BEBEL, pleaded the importance of not confusing the issues. In France, the Republican form is more strongly established than it ever has been. In a despotism like Russia it is impossible to guess what direction change will take when the liberal spirit makes some headway, which it shows little hope of doing now. England, in contrast to the Continent, has, since GLADSTONE's death, seen the end of sporadic feeling against monarchy and a real increase of royal influence. Only partly is this reaction due to EDWARD's tact and GLADSTONE's disappearance. It rests partly on the scattered and varied nature of the Empire, which makes difficult any other unity than the royal symbol, but even more on the deep-set British taste for established forms. The English have no special grievances to force them to consider fundamental change, and when fairly comfortable, they are governed by their instinct for keeping things as they have always been. It would not be surprising, therefore, if the freest country in Europe were the last to abandon monarchy.

**C**OUNT VON BÜLOW ARGUED, in reply to the Socialist leader, that progress was easier under a monarchy, since the sovereign stood above party, and that in no country had so much been done for the workingman as in Germany. Herr BEBEL had made a violent attack on Russia, as the most backward country of Europe, and he had the stronger end of the argument on autocracy. The trend in Germany must soon become decidedly toward liberality, for so enlightened and progressive a people can not long endure so much of divine right as they endure at present. The frankness with which Herr BEBEL attacked the Emperor for his social methods was almost startling. Another country in which monarchy will rapidly change from the absolute to the constitutional is Japan, in which the House of Representatives has created a precedent by meeting the colorless speech from the throne with a denunciation of the ministry for its paltering policy with Russian aggression. In Japan, as in Germany, the people are alert and confident, and will soon make government in opposition to their preferences an impossibility. "The people once belonged to the kings; now the kings belong to the people." Arguments about which is the better form of government—the absolute or the representative—are beside the mark, for the spirit of our times says that it is better for an enlightened people to govern itself imperfectly than to be better governed by an individual. From the triumph of this spirit there is no escape.

**W**HENEVER BOSSES ARE DISCUSSED it is the fashion nowadays to contend that Americans are not really free. Dramatic and even useful as that line of argument sometimes is, it is juggling, essentially. Nobody, in one sense, is free. In the most representative of governments the individual will is shackled by the majority. Smith can not have free trade because he believes it is right. Brown can not let Colombia alone. Liberty means that the whole people is free, not the individual. Now, the whole people is perfectly free in America. It can pitch out any boss whenever it cares enough to try. The boss lives only so long as he can placate the majority, or that part of the majority which cares enough to work. "McClure's Magazine," which has been doing admirable pioneer work against corruption, contains these words: "Brag as we will, we Americans are not a free people, and this is not a free country. Whatever may have been the dream of 1776, no thoughtful American will venture to assert that we have, to-day, a government by the people. This has become a government of the bosses, by the bosses, and distinctly for the bosses." Politics are not alone referred to. "In business, half a dozen financial bosses, led by JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, control most of the important industries of the country." Certainly, because the people acquiesce. But what are these half-dozen Croesuses undertaking in politics just

now? Backed by a vast army of smaller plutocrats, by political bosses all over the country, by thousands of disappointed corruptionists, they are endeavoring to prevent the nomination of President ROOSEVELT in June and force the nomination of Senator HANNA. Yet what chance have they of doing it? We believe, none. They can not thwart the will of the people. Let the President make a mistake and the story would be different. Were the people against the Panama coup, for instance—as they are not—the opponents of the President might have a chance. The man who gets up and declares WASHINGTON was a smaller man than MORGAN or ROCKEFELLER, because he was only the father of his country, not its owner, makes an acceptable jest, loaded with some just criticism, but he speaks in hyperbole. A country is free as long as its rulers depend upon public opinion, as they most assuredly do here.

**T**HIS QUESTION IS HARDER. We are frank and downright, but we lack that indignation against theft and bribery which is needed for public and private purity. Yet we are progressing, and the strongest hold that Mr. ROOSEVELT has on the people is in the courage and honesty which is making him the leader in breaking up the nests from which corruption spreads. The line-up of ROOSEVELT and HANNA is, on the whole, the line-up of honor and corruption, and the forces of righteous sympathy are the stronger. The same predominant preference for honesty is shown among the Democrats by the volume of opinion favoring Mr. CLEVELAND's renomination, and by the probability that the practical party leadership is slipping away from Mr. GORMAN into the hands of the new leader of the House. Mr. BRYAN, the head of the Populist branch of the Democracy, is a man of decided integrity. Take it how you will, political morality, and even the more doubtful morality of business, is more satisfactory to-day than it was when the people turned down Mr. BLAINE and gave the Democrats the only President they have had since 1856. Self-government has this profound advantage, that when we make an improvement in administration it means an actual improvement in the people themselves. The present crusade against political and business corruption may show a frightening volume of mercenary practice. It does. Congress steals freely for itself from the people in computing mileage. Members of Congress are pointed at directly by the postal scandals. Each week seems to call attention to some new larceny. But what does it all mean? It means that the people care. Reform is not being forced by party tactics. It is the expression of a public wish. It is the best moral education we have had since Mr. CLEVELAND wrecked his party machinery to save his country's honor.

**W**E ARE NOT PARTISANS of the President or his party, but we look upon it as an outrage, none the less, to distort a man's best deeds into reproaches. Parallel columns have been used to exhibit the identity between Mr. ROOSEVELT's message and what Circuit-Attorney FOLK has said about corruption. The implication that the President committed plagiarism is beneath contempt. Mr. FOLK was in Washington, at his own request, when the message was being prepared. He was there to obtain the President's assistance, and he obtained it. These men were both above the smaller meannesses of party spirit, and, one Republican, the other Democrat, were glad to work together for the common good. If Mr. ROOSEVELT used Mr. FOLK's speeches, we may be sure it was with the Circuit-Attorney's approval. If Mr. FOLK wrote that part of the Presidential message himself, it was an excellent deed for him to do. We venture no opinion upon the facts. The result was what it should be. The President's message is not a private amusement or a private exhibition of literary skill. Does anybody doubt the hand of Secretary HAY in the skilful explanation of our policy with regard to Panama? Has not the message been a declaration of policy, and not an exercise in English composition, from the days when GEORGE WASHINGTON employed ALEXANDER HAMILTON, JAMES MADISON, and many another coadjutor, to compose the documents which appeared as his? It is dishonest for a college student to pass off as his an essay written by another, but the White House is not a university. The more efficient help a President receives, either in framing policies or in expressing them, the better for the country.

**M**R. HANNA'S IMPORTANCE in the news of the day casts a diverting backward light on the prophecies so freely made last summer that his career had reached a sudden end. These declarations were put forth all over the country by trained editors, the same ones who foretold with absolute conviction that Mr.





CHAMBERLAIN had hanged himself politically and paved the way for an instant return of the Liberals to power. Mr. BALFOUR, they agreed, would be out of office in a month, never likely to be heard of in politics again. One thing that people are slowest to learn, and perhaps particularly editors, is the wisdom of SOCRATES, a sharp realization of the limits of their knowledge. A man with the Socratic brand of intelligence, observing such events as those of last summer, would say: "Well, on the surface, this looks like an error. But Mr. HANNA (or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as the case might be) is a clever politician, long versed in the ways of men. It is improbable that he has taken a step so obviously and immediately fatal as this one looks to the eye of ignorance. Let us suppose that he has something up his sleeve; he knows more than the rest of us about the situation; he is even an abler man." To reason like that requires no vast cargo of intelligence, and yet how many newspapers in either country went through that simple process? A slight infection of SOCRATES or MONTAIGNE would have enabled them to remain nearer to the truth. Perhaps, however, they respond to the wishes of the average man, who is "hot for certainties," as MEREDITH expresses it, and not at all in love with MONTAIGNE'S motto of *Que Sais-je?*

EDITORIAL  
CREDULITY

THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE, is a saying of such distressful absurdity that, while we are in this carping attitude toward the editorial and human intelligence, we desire to dwell upon its monumental lack of meaning. The original Latin was created to convey something definite and comprehensible. *Exceptio probat regulam* means that the objection taken by the lawyer tests the ruling of the Judge. As the Latin happens to sound, however, as if it meant "the exception proves the rule," that conspicuous absurdity is repeated orally and in print until a logical mind is flooded with despair. "All sheep are white," says somebody. "There goes one that is black," is the reply. "True," cries the first triumphantly. "It is an exception which proves the rule." If the existence of an exception to it proves the accuracy of any generalization, then no general proposition can be false. The easier it is to point out an exception the more readily do we support the rule. All American writers are solemn. MARK TWAIN is an American writer. Hence, by this exception, we have "proved the rule." A little Latin is a dangerous thing. "I do not say a proverb is amiss when aptly and seasonably applied, but to be forever discharging them, right or wrong, hit or miss, renders conversation insipid." It also frequently renders thought ridiculous. Many proverbs, aphorisms, and maxims are wrong, but probably none equals in far-reaching absurdity this conversion of a correct definition of law into an Alice in Wonderland principle of logic.

PROVERBIAL  
ABSURDITY

SINCE PRINTING WAS INVENTED, there have been published, according to a recent estimate, some twelve million books, and from fifteen to eighteen million periodicals. The yearly output at present is about two hundred thousand. Germany comes first in volume, then Japan, Russia, France, and Italy, before the United States, with England just behind us. In novels and imaginative works generally first place is held by England; in educational and theological works, as in books for the young, by Germany. France leads in volume of history, and Italy in religion. Yet we are undoubtedly the country where reading is most generally a habit. The explanation is, that we read more periodicals and newspapers than any other country. "Germany," says one of the statisticians, "is the land of thinkers, the United States is the land of readers." The implication that periodicals and newspapers are read without thought is usually made in exaggerated form. Much of the best current thought in our country goes into newspapers, and it must beget a certain amount of independent reflection in those who read it. Our leading magazines are becoming more actual all the time. They tend to deal more with the conditions of our life, to plunge with original inquiry into all sorts of problems of government and existence. The only way in which they are inferior to the smaller number of their predecessors, if at all, which is doubtful, is in the quality of literature. Wishing to reach hundreds of thousands, even millions, the magazine or newspaper usually speaks too loud to make artistic harmony probable. The Greek actors, performing in the open, in theatres vastly larger than ours, wore masks to exaggerate their features. A similar enlargement of effect is made necessary in writing for a multitude of readers, and this aspect of contemporary expression is developed most conspicuously where the

AMERICAN  
READING

public is most extensive, which is the United States. In this way, the very size of our population is a clog to literature and all the arts. Genius may find the way to turn these conditions to advantage, but to-day the relation of the new Democracy to artistic beauty is a problem that remains unsolved. On the one hand, we have the inspiration of keen life, fresh interests, and vigorous national spirit, expressing itself more optimistically every year—much more optimistically to-day than when Mr. BRYCE wrote his admirable chapter on American fatalism. On the other hand, we have the obstacle of numbers—art having heretofore been created for an audience more limited in extent. Thus far we do not see our way out, but we have a healthy faith that we shall find it, and that faith itself may remove the difficulties as if they were only mountains.

SOCIETY AT A DISTANCE is one of the amusements furnished to readers of metropolitan dailies. These organs of urban thought agree in deeming society ludicrous if it is the society of any small place. "V. W. Hancock and family," says a paper in Iowa, "and Uncle John Clarke had more places to eat and be entertained last week than they could attend to." This information is printed in New York without comment, as funny in itself, but a description of the conflict of engagements of any person prominent in the social eddy of a great city might be a serious little "special." As an Indiana journal observes, "Mrs. William Thompson has her second crop of lettuce, which speaks volumes for our wonderful soil and climate." Why is the lettuce of Mrs. Thompson ridiculous? "The minister arrived on time, and just as the morning star cast his rays athwart the billowed fields of Indian Creek, Lee Hawkins and Ida Eddy were made man and wife." So far from laughing at this West Virginia style, we only wish it would be imitated in the society columns of large places. It is the deadly solemnity with which metropolitan journals chronicle the fact that certain ladies were seen driving upon the avenue yesterday that adds the most excruciating quality to this conspicuous department of the news. A superiority of smaller places is that personal information is printed to satisfy the natural desire to know something about our friends. When the people of Heltonville, Indiana, read that "Curt Sowder blew in Thursday driving an enterprising-looking mule hitched to a buggy," they learn a fact in which any healthy resident of Heltonville, Indiana, ought to be interested. When, however, a resident of New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore reads a page about the meals, clothes, and visits of individuals of no importance, whom he never met, he is indulging in about as trivial an interest as the range of possible reading affords.

NEWS FROM  
TURKEY CREEK

CRITICISING SUPREME COURTS is not a grateful occupation, but the decision of the Missouri Court in the BUTLER case is too unfortunate to pass unnoticed. BUTLER was the chief villain in the war of Mr. FOLK against the St. Louis boodlers. The Circuit-Attorney secured a conviction for bribery. The Supreme Court now upsets that conviction. The opinion was written by Judge FOX, who has been mentioned as one of the beneficiaries of BUTLER'S favors. Of the two judges who concurred one is a candidate for the Governorship. The ground of the decision is that, as an ordinance giving the Board of Health the right to let a garbage contract was unconstitutional, BUTLER was not guilty of bribery when he paid the Board \$2,500 to award the contract to him. These contracts have been awarded by the Board of Health for thirty years. The right of that Board to award them has been repeatedly upheld. Even if the Board did not have the right, we have apparently the decision that an official may take money to perform official acts and then set up as a defence, for instance, that Missouri was not legally admitted into the Union, and hence there can be no official act in Missouri, and therefore, as a member of the Bench declared last summer, there is "no boodling in Missouri." The seeming determination to free BUTLER at any cost has so outraged public feeling and common-sense that the result may in the end be good, by increasing the chances of electing a Governor who will do away with the whole system by which a man is able to buy contracts for himself and secure judgeships for his friends. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court of Missouri cuts a sorry figure in the eye of all the world. Possibly legal strictness required the decision, although we doubt it, and the public will certainly not believe it. The contempt with which the decision has been received, and the implications that have been freely made against the court's integrity, are a sufficient sermon on the evil of a system which does not allow the judiciary to rest above suspicion.

SOME OF  
OUR JUDGES

Charles F. Dick, Ohio

H. S. New, Indiana

R. C. Kerens, Missouri



Governor Stewart, Illinois

Governor Herrick of Ohio

Senator M. A. Hanna

The President

Postmaster-General Payne

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. B. HARRIS

## 1904?

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE MET AT WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 12, AND DETERMINED BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY TO HOLD THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN CHICAGO ON JUNE 21, 1904. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ON THE SOUTH PORCH OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE THE COMMITTEE WAS RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT

"The old White House has seen many political meetings, but few more picturesque than that when Hanna and the members of the National Committee paid their respects to the President. The host and every one of the visitors was asking in his heart, Will Hanna run?"—See Page 14





# SEVEN DAYS

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S EVENTS



## NORTH AND SOUTH COTTON IS KING



A Mature Cotton Boll  
Showing a full-grown larva of the boll weevil

AT four and three-quarter cents a pound, five years ago, the South lost money on every bale of cotton sent to market. Harvest found the planter deeper in debt than planting time. This year the crop is worth five hundred million dollars, for nearly the same number of bales raised in 1898, with one hundred and thirty million more profits than in 1902. To-day the price and supply of American cotton is the most momentous news topic in the world to the millions of people whose welfare it makes or mars.

Looming bigger than speculation has been economic law. Demand has been treading on the heels of supply for several years. Now it forges ahead, and there is not enough cotton for the world's spinners. A short crop gives added headway to the movement and it becomes a crisis. Prosperity hitherto unknown deluges the Southern fields, while the same vast agencies work to spread stunning losses and hardships among manufacturers at home and abroad. King Cotton is at once benevolent and cruel.

The cotton shortage of Civil War years cost Great Britain three hundred and fifty million dollars in losses felt by millions of her working people. To-day she imports two hundred million dollars' worth of cotton, five-sixths of it from the South, and makes it into four hundred and fifty millions' worth of products, keeping two hundred and fifty millions as annual tribute from the world's consumers. Three million of her people depend directly upon cotton manufactures. Indirectly it is estimated that one-fourth the population of Great Britain are in some way affected. The Lancashire mills still hold sixty per cent of the world's exports of cotton goods, but the Continental consumption has grown so fast that it now demands more American cotton than England uses.

Since the price of cotton began to rise three years ago, the dread of shortage has joined England and Germany in the common cause of seeking to develop new fields for cotton-growing, just as the Civil War forced cotton-raising in Brazil, Egypt, and most notably India, which now raises more than two and a quarter million bales a year. British cotton-spinners have even proposed that the operatives give one day's wages to back up the Government's experiments in Africa. But raising cotton in new fields is an evolution; it can not be done to order. It is because Russia began to foster cotton-growing in Central Asia so long ago, that the supply now almost meets the demands of the Russian mills.

England has sent expert cotton-growers to Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Lagos, and Nigeria, supplied with seed, machinery, and farming tools. British ship-owners have offered to carry this cotton free of freight until the

industry is established. In Borneo, Rhodesia, the West Indies, and Fiji, British Government agents are also investigating cotton possibilities. Egypt has reached the producing limit until irrigation areas increase. These far-scattered experiments show encouraging results, but they can not yet produce cotton in more than sample lots. Germany's persistence in her African colonies is rewarded this year with fifty bales of fine quality grown from American seed in East Africa. A party of Tuskegee graduates, employed by the German Government, is settled in Togoland, and the demand for such cotton pioneers from German and Belgian colonies is far greater than Booker T. Washington is able to supply. In the French Congo and Dahomey, Government aid is sparing no expense to develop cotton acreage. New cotton fields are sought the world over more eagerly than gold fields.

The boll weevil has invaded twenty-eight per cent of the cotton acreage of the United States, and this year cost Texas farmers twenty-five million dollars. The rate of yearly increase of its zone since this little beetle crossed the Rio Grande from Mexico ten years ago makes safe the prediction that in from fifteen to eighteen years this blight may spread over the entire cotton belt. As a cotton crop is now worth five hundred million dollars, and as the total damage caused by the insect is about fifty per cent of the crop, if no remedy is found the yearly loss will some day be two hundred and fifty millions. The Department of Agriculture says: "It is wholly beyond possibility that the weevil will ever be exterminated. Its history in Mexico and Texas offers no hope that it will ever be much less destructive than now."

### Spindles with Nothing to Weave

The outlook is not as gloomy as this, however. While no effective remedy has been found, experimental campaigns have shown that early planting and thorough cultivation will enable the planter to grow cotton in infested districts, and make money in years of good prices, although with greatly diminished pro-

duction. Only the Red River now separates the cotton scourge from Arkansas and the Indian Territory. With such vast interests menaced, Congress has appropriated only fifty thousand dollars to fight the boll weevil, in contrast with half a million to stamp out the foot and mouth disease among cattle in New England. If the pest should sweep only the State of Texas from end to end, and cut the crop fifty per cent in any one year, the loss of more than a million bales from the world's supply would gravely affect the industrial condition of America and Europe. In 1901 the weevil was in 69 counties of Texas, in 1902 in 129.

For the last three years cotton production has not increased, while the total number of spindles of the world's factories has become steadily greater. In other words, the manufacturing nations demand fourteen and a third per cent more raw material than three years ago, and there is no more cotton to supply them than there was. At the same time, a bale of cotton is worth thirty-four per cent more than a year ago. The difference, then, of nineteen and two-thirds per cent in cost must be charged up to speculative control, and to forebodings that prices will go higher before the next crop is marketed.

In New England one hundred thousand operatives have suffered a ten per cent cut of wages. The reduction has been accepted without threat of strike, because the employee sees the more serious danger of the cotton shortage, in the possibility of curtailment of production, which is already talked among the Southern mill men. The American spinners delayed buying last spring when ten-cent cotton came. Early reports forecasted a heavy crop. Waiting made matters worse. The spinners jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire when cotton rose to eleven cents, then to twelve.

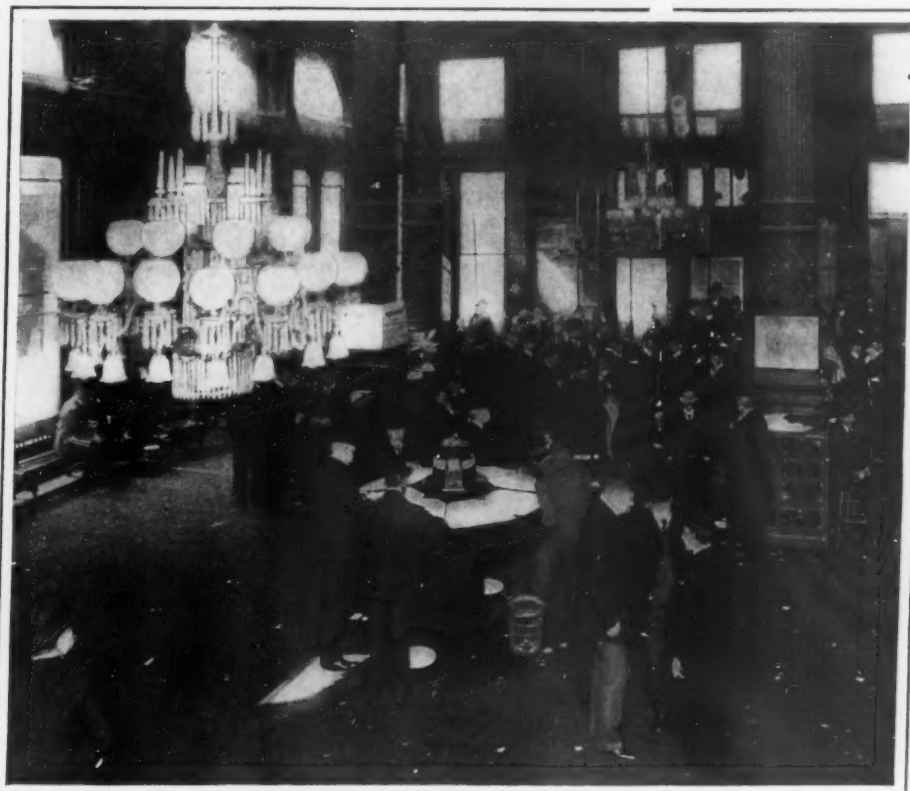
Foreign buyers were wiser. They took the calamity prophets seriously, and not only bought cotton, but also backed the tremendous speculations which sent prices rocketing.

But Europe did not escape disastrous consequences. About sixty-five per cent of American cotton is shipped abroad. Two million seven hundred thousand bales have been exported this year, and Europe must have 4,000,000 more.

It is assumed that 2,500,000 bales have been contracted for, leaving 1,500,000 bales still to be bought, at not less than twelve cents a pound. This means \$15,000,000 added to a bill of \$52,000,000 already paid in excess of last year for cotton, in a total European account of \$350,000,000. This increased factor in the balance of trade in favor of the United States has given command of the floating gold supply of the world, and has prevented a critical scarcity of funds in Wall Street. King Cotton has even threatened the gold supply of the Bank of Eng-



A late Fall Boll  
Showing how the bolls hide between boll and involucre



INTERIOR OF THE NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

More business has been transacted in this room this year than ever before in the history of the Exchange. W. P. Brown, the leader of the "bulls," may be seen in the middle of the central group,—the only man in the picture wearing a high hat

land, and has pried open almost every strong-box of Europe to cash its credits.

The South may increase its cotton acreage, as happens after a reign of high prices, but it can not increase the labor supply, already worked to the limit of capacity. Five million negro men and women are in the fields in cotton-picking time, and no other kind of labor can take their places. Until that distant day, when new growing fields so desperately sought are able to menace the American cotton monopoly, the manufacturer of cotton goods must work to get more money for his products, or face the prospect of closed mills. His crisis can not be more than temporary, at worst, for the world must clothe itself in cotton fabrics, and must be taught to pay more for them, because there is no cheap substitute. This year's conditions are not yet fixed. The cotton crop is still subject to guesswork in the final counting. The Government estimate, made public December 3, is the lever under thirteen-cent cotton. In past years the Government estimate has averaged about eight per cent short of the actual crop.

#### Forcing the Price to Eleven Cents

And eight per cent, added to the forecast of 9,962,039 bales, would go far toward easing the present crisis. This is what the manufacturers and the "bear" speculators are still hoping for in the last ditch, but they dare not hope for much cheaper cotton next year, even if there is a break in this crop's prices.

In reality, there have been three speculative campaigns, separately conducted, in 1903. The first was



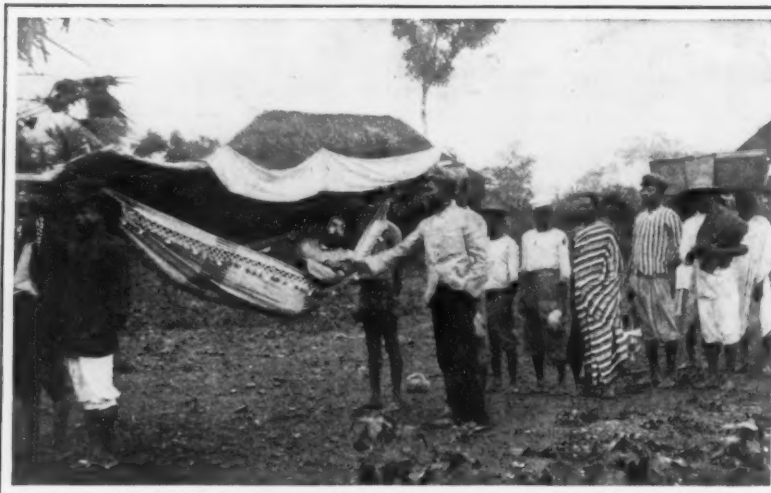
D. J. Sully, who added \$130,000,000 to the market value of the crop

led by Theodore H. Price, formerly a member of a firm which failed for \$15,000,000 several years ago in an attempt to corner the cotton crop. Undaunted, he got on his feet, and last winter again took the centre of the stage. His war cry was that prices were too low to harmonize with the demands. He bought options right and left, until the "Price crowd" had boomed the price to eight and a half cents. Then the speculative world said cotton

was too dear, and predicted another collapse for Price. He agreed with them that the limit had been reached, and began to sell as furiously as he had bought. The effect was violent. Cotton dropped two and three dollars a bale, and it was believed this was only the beginning of the slump.

But while Price was "getting out from under," an inconspicuous young man from Providence was quietly buying cotton. The eight and a half cent price had no terrors for him. Old brokers of the New York Cotton Exchange began to ask: "Who is this Dan J. Sully?" Nineteen years of service in a Providence cotton house had given him a thorough knowledge of the business from plantation to mill. For two years he had been working out a theory that cotton must advance. In business journeys through the South, Sully had seen the cottonseed-oil mills enrich the grower, until this by-product of the crop was distributing a hundred million dollars yearly.

But the prime seed of the first picking was going to the oil mills, and an inferior quality going into the ground for seed of the next year's crop. Sully deduced the theory that poor seed meant less cotton per acre. In 1902, for example, the cotton acreage increased by three million acres, with another million acres planted this year, yet



EDUCATED AMERICAN NEGROES AT WORK FOR THE KAISER

The photograph shows a graduate of Booker Washington's school setting out for the interior of Togoland, German West Africa, where he is employed by the German Government to teach the natives to grow cotton

the production fell off. After Price retreated, he bought while brokers fell over each other to sell him cotton they did not have. Presently cotton was nine cents, and the Providence broker came into the open, as one of the largest buyers ever known. He was fought by the other speculative interests combined, but he put cotton up to ten cents and begged manufacturers to buy before they had to pay more.

The exchanges recalled the collapses engineered by John Inman and Peter Labouisse, and said there could never be a successful corner in cotton. Sully had all the backing he wanted among his New England friends. In May he had the market by the throat. When he had forced the price to eleven cents, and added a hundred and thirty millions to the value of the crop, he was satisfied for a time, and he began to sell. In a month he was a millionaire.

Meantime appeared a new group of speculators, led by W. P. Brown, a New Orleans cotton merchant. Brown invaded New York with the prestige of having cleaned up two millions in a "squeeze" in New Orleans four years ago. When he appeared in the New York Cotton Exchange, and hinted that he had come to take the control where Sully had dropped it, the brokers were frenzied by his crushing tactics.

#### Brown Began Where Sully Left Off

He took eleven-cent cotton, and by bolder assaults drove it skyward, until he had contracted for two hundred thousand bales of the July delivery. Then Wall Street wanted to know how he was going to pay for it. When settling time came Brown was ready with the ten millions of cash needed, much of it French capital, according to current report. He had his grip on the New York and New Orleans markets so tight that the climax came when he walked into the pit and bid the record-breaking price of thirteen cents for a thousand bales of August cotton, and not a bale was offered because he had it all. He had bought four times as much cotton as was actually in the country.

Sully left the field after selling out, and went over to take a fling at the Liverpool market, which he drove to the edge of panic. The Brown campaign culminated late in September. Then came a lull, until the gloomy Government report was flung like

an explosive shell into the cotton pit. Sully's estimate was within twenty-four thousand bales of the official figures, and he put the "bears" to flight.

When the report from Washington was read in the New York Exchange, the trading smashed all records of a unique year. Values of more than a million and a half bales of "real" and "future" cotton were tossed to and fro by a mob of roaring, jostling maniacs.

One of the most significant features of the strained situation is the great drop in shipments of cotton goods to China, which has been a rapidly increasing outlet for American production. The pressure of increased cost of manufactures, and the necessity of charging higher prices for them, reduced shipments to China from 23,759,038 yards in September, 1902, to 3,337,050 yards in September, 1903, or almost to nothing, and from 278,651,517 for the first nine months of 1902, to 167,966,879 yards for the same period of this year. This happened before cotton had reached its present price level.

#### ALL WANT DEEPER CHANNELS

THE competition for national aid in getting deep waterways to accommodate the modern deep-draught ocean carriers, the new ships of the navy, and the inland river and canal cargo handlers becomes more and more active. Philadelphia got money last year to deepen the Delaware River to a clear 30 feet, and is fighting for a 35-foot channel. Boston is sure of 35 feet in her harbor instead of the present 30. Baltimore has 30 feet and wants 35. New York, alone of the important Atlantic ports, has a 35-foot outlet to the sea, but 40 feet must be provided to satisfy the shippers.

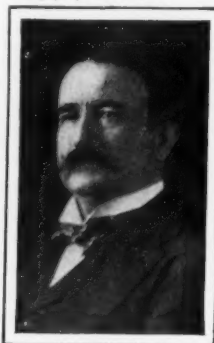
To reinforce the argument for an adequate passage to the Delaware Breakwater for the big freighters, and the big battleships turned out of her shipyards, Philadelphia calls the attention of Congress to these figures: New York has had \$12,000,000 from the General Government for harbor improvement. Boston \$6,000,000, Baltimore \$5,000,000, and Galveston—that unfortunate Gulf port—\$11,000,000 for a 26-foot harbor. Philadelphia's share—which should have given her a 26-foot channel at low water, but one end was shoaled to 21 before the cutting was completed—has been only \$4,000,000.

"We are the third commercial city in the United States," Philadelphians maintain. "Our rightful position in commerce is next to New York, not below Boston. We are the most important manufacturing city. To Boston and Baltimore the greatest ships can go, while our wharves are inaccessible to the big fellows. We are asking only for common justice, therefore, when we ask for equal depth with our lesser rivals."

Baltimore states her case thus: "To maintain a satisfactory position, already secured, \$3,500,000 must be spent for a 35-foot way to the deeper Chesapeake." Meanwhile, the shippers of the Ohio Valley are quoting Senator Foraker's plea for the canalization of the Ohio River.

"With a stage of water in the Ohio never less than 9 feet, this whole Ohio Valley will be practically as near to China and Japan for commercial purposes as the Pacific Slope, and be on practically fair terms of equality with the Atlantic seaboard for European trade."

Photograph by Frie Macdonald



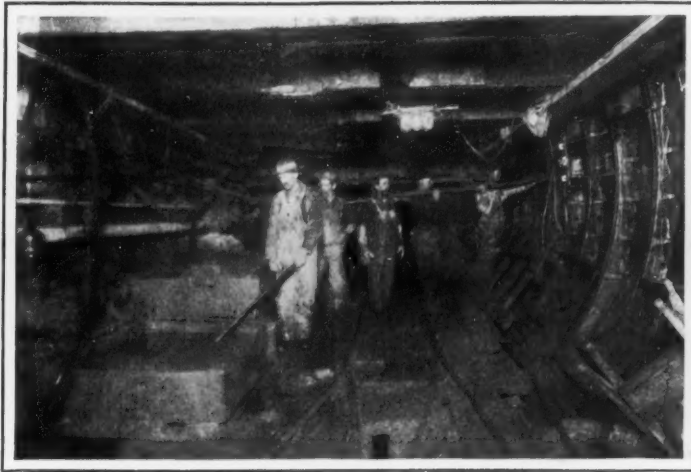
W. P. Brown, who bought four times the total amount of cotton



HALF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF COTTON

These 9,000 bales, gathered on a Galveston dock, are worth \$500,000. The rapid rise in cotton values may be appreciated when it is considered that six weeks previously these same bales could have been bought for \$375,000





Making the outer shell: cement is pumped through a small hole in the steel casing; it solidifies and forms a solid shell on the outside



A completed portion of the tunnel; the steel shell is built in sections and joined together under the water by hydraulic power

BUILDING THE TUNNEL UNDER THE EAST RIVER FROM BATTERY PARK, NEW YORK, TO BROOKLYN

### THE SOUTH BECOMING "DRY" AGAIN

THERE is what might be called a second growth of prohibition in the South. Already its advocates have carried most of the counties of Texas, and all except eight of the seventy-five in Mississippi, while in Tennessee the "wet" area is rapidly contracting. Georgia, where most of the counties are "dry," offers a striking illustration of the militant spirit of the local optionists.

McDuffie County, supposed to be "dry," is the home of Thomas Watson, historian and Populist politician, and also an ardent temperance worker. When he learned that a number of "blind tigers" were in operation in his own town of Thompson, he started a crusade against them. As a result of his disclosures, only the prompt intervention of friends saved him from a fist fight with a young politician of the opposition. The "wets" and the "drys" took sides and cleared the local stores of ammunition. More conservative counsels prevented bloodshed, and now there is a truce while the matter awaits the decision of the courts.

The South Carolina dispensary law does not please Charleston, nor does Charleston's apparent toleration of "blind tigers" please the State Board of Control. The home rulers cite the decision of a State Judge, who held that liquors imported into the State, "whether consigned to 'blind tigers' or not, could not be seized while in transit," and that "the right to bring liquors into this State for personal use must be protected." Meanwhile, press protests are made against the excessive zeal of the prohibition workers, who, in turn, marshal statistics to show that the sale of liquor is increasing in every country in the world.

### THE HOME-COMING OF DAN PATCH

THE swiftest horse in harness in the world is back in his old quarters in Minneapolis, which has no other citizen either so famous abroad or so popular at home. His return was that of a conquering hero. Of course, he had his own special palace car. The climatic change from Macon, Georgia, where he was entrained, to a Minnesota winter, was a serious matter for such

a delicate, highbred product of modern civilization. He was robed like an automobilist, with only his eyes showing. He had on not only his thickest flannels, but woolen stockings as well.

The fact that he was two hours late did not keep the crowd from standing in zero weather to await his arrival. The official welcome at the station was given by the members of the Minneapolis Driving Club, who were personally received by His Majesty. They also formed his immediate escort. A platoon of police protected him from the familiarities of the admiring people, a brass band preceded him, while leading citizens in carriages and automobiles brought up the rear. All



The pacer Dan Patch escorted to his winter quarters through the streets of Minneapolis

the usual details were complete, except the speech from the balcony of the home stable.

Did the pacer appreciate what all the cheering and functions meant? Those who saw him say that he did; that he looked at once proud, self-satisfied, and self-contained. He did not prance with the music like some mere cavalry or coach horse, but bore himself with the quiet dignity which befits the thoroughbred used to the honors that go with high estate.

As soon as he is acclimatized, which is another delicate matter, he will be hitched to runners. Through the winter he will have nothing more strenuous to do than to carry his owner, Mr. M. W. Savage, over the snow courses of the Minneapolis lakes. Dan Patch's value is no more to be reckoned in dollars than that of a Rembrandt masterpiece. He made a new record on every track where he appeared during the greatest pacing and trotting season ever known.

### SENATE CHAPLAINS MUST BE BRIEF

WHEN a clergyman is a genius, like the saintly-looking, blind Dr. Milburn, and can make a prayer in thirty seconds that will have all the fervor of a ten-minute petition by another, he is an ideal Senate chaplain. The election of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale to succeed Dr. Milburn was due to the suggestion of the venerable Senator Hoar.

Washington is waiting with some interest to see how kindly Dr. Hale will take to the rule of the Senate. He will be told, gently but firmly, that he must not occupy longer than a minute, except on some extraordinary occasion like the death of a Senator or a great public calamity. It will be explained to him that there is no lack of reverence in this rule, but that the Senators feel that a one-minute prayer is sufficient to precede the business of the average day. The salary of a Congressional chaplain is \$900 a year. His duties are simple. He must be in his place before the desk when the gavel falls at noon. The members stand with bowed heads and he makes his prayer. That is all. He is then at liberty to go home until the next day. During the summer recesses and at other times when Congress is not in session, he has nothing to do but sign his salary warrant. He is expected to keep up

with the current events, and to refer to such as may be proper in his prayers, and also to pray for a dead Representative or Senator. Dr. Milburn prayed once every session for the reporters and once for the Capitol employees.

### TWENTY MILLIONS FOR ELECTRICITY

AFTER a long half-century of exclusive steam locomotion, the New York Central, once having decided to adopt electricity, proposes not only to substitute electric motors for steam locomotives on its suburban tracks, but to employ the new steam turbines in its power house. All kinds and sorts of changes are involved in this new departure, and the end is not in sight. There have been big electric locomotives for some years in the railway tunnels at Baltimore. There are third-rail divisions of the "Consolidated" system in New England. There are plans for electric traction in the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels piercing the western and eastern flanks of Manhattan Island; but, after all, the New York Central is the first main railroad in America to introduce electric power on long stretches of its network. And what steam may not be able to do in generating electric current at the southern end of the system, Niagara is more than adequate to do for the whole northern end, from Buffalo down to Albany.

According to the report of the Manhattan Elevated system just out, the adoption of electricity has marked up earnings and reduced operating expenses. In 1902, the Manhattan percentage of expenses to earnings, under steam, was 51.9. This year, under electricity, expenses have fallen to 42.02 per cent. This has been the inevitable phenomenon of such a change in motive power, and no reason can be found why the New York Central should not enjoy a similar experience. The gain to the passengers is more than commensurate with that to the company. The horrors and discomforts of the terminal tunnel entering New York City will be abolished, and as for the traverse of open country beyond Mott Haven, that will be made with a cleanliness and expedition hitherto unknown. The suggested expenditure of twenty millions for the change



REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE  
Newly Chosen Chaplain of the United States Senate



WILLIAM I. BUCHANAN  
First United States Minister to the Panama Republic

will be a sound investment, and will bring two passengers to pay the fixed charges where one bore all the burden before.

The electric trains on the New York Central will be hauled by locomotives, but in frequency of despatch and speed of transit they will improve greatly over all the old time-tables. The standard steam roads have already discovered that a closer approximation to the street railway practice of single cars on short headway has many advantages as compared with heavy trains at rare intervals. Congested waiting-rooms and crowded platforms are not necessities, but relics of a transportation era that ought soon to be forgotten.

#### IF HANNA SHOULD RUN?

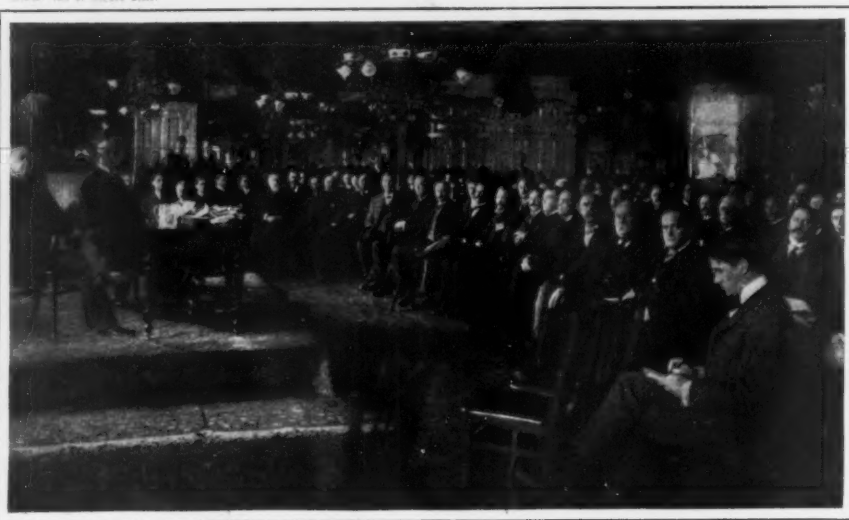
CHICAGO gets the Republican National Convention because Chicago is the great convention city. Her location is near the centre of population; she has hotel accommodation for 32,000 persons and an auditorium which will seat 11,000 of them. Both the place and the date had been practically decided on beforehand, and so they were mere matters of form for the meeting of the National Committee in Washington. The only other striking matter of routine was the presence of the Porto Ricans, who held that because they belonged to a party that was called Republican in home affairs, they should be admitted to the convention. They were informed that they must apply to the convention itself. This they will do by sending two delegates and two alternates to Chicago. If these are admitted, it may establish a precedent that will be troublesome in the future.

After its bearing on the Presidential election, it was the human side of the committee's meeting that held the interest of the country. Both Hanna and Roosevelt are unique characters in our political history. The Senator is the first Republican to be twice chairman, and to have members of his party of all ranks regard him as the best general for a third campaign. He is the first National Chairman thought of seriously in connection with the Presidency. If a man like Arthur had been McKinley's running mate, no one questions that the Senator would have received the Republican nomination almost by acclamation. Within the ten years in which Hanna has been the paramount political influence, the country has won a war, occupied many islands overseas, and known the greatest era of prosperity in its history. Fifteen years ago he was a good deal of a politician incidentally, but, primarily, a highly successful business man of Cleveland.

Mr. Roosevelt is President by accident. No President by accident has ever been elected President. This is not a precedent, however, but a coincidence. One President by accident, Arthur, at least was a masterful politician. Until McKinley's death no one ever thought of Roosevelt as being anything of the kind. He was the *enfant terrible* of practical Republicans. As the result of two years in office, no Republican questions that he is one of the two supreme politicians of the party. For months he has had 496 out of 968

would he be as strong as he seems? It is his silence which whets public interest.

And then, when it has seemed a foregone conclusion that the President would be nominated, the biggest headlines lie in anything that suggests the contrary. As long as he is silent, and as long as his friends will insist on promoting his candidacy, the Senator will be the foremost source of political news on the Continent. It is not possible that "the old fellow" finds satisfaction in worrying the "young man" in the White House. Those who know him best say that he has given his word to the President, and, therefore, the only power that could make him accept would be a stampede for him in the convention.



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 13  
Hon. Perry S. Heath, Secretary, is at the table; Senator Hanna, Chairman, sits on the platform by his side

delegates pledged to him by the conventions of the different States and Territories.

The old White House has seen many political meetings, but few more picturesque than that when Hanna and the members of the National Committee paid their respects to the President. The host and every one of the visitors was asking in his heart, Will Hanna run? The President, quick to see any defection, straight and candid in his interrogations in private conference; the Senator, leaning on his cane, slow of movement, at once sphinx-like and beaming with fellowship, letting men come to him rather than going to them with questions.

#### The Silence of Hanna

All concerned smiled beamingly and sat for their photographs in family bliss while the question-mark danced before their eyes. Both leaders are having their bad minutes with their enthusiastic followers, who would like to see the war cry of faction given. To one of these who was specially persistent, the Senator said in the lobby of the Arlington: "I hope you don't want me to put you down as one of my fool friends." If Hanna were to declare himself,

has shivered the other ministers into chief clerks of departments.

M. Bezobrazoff's waiting-rooms in the Winter Palace—he has left his own house to live there now—are crowded every day with an enormous number of persons who seek his aid, for word of what he is to the Czar has spread through Russia. As he has no portfolio and no definite function in the administration, he takes into consideration business allotted to the other departments, sends a polite note of request to the minister directly concerned, and passes on to the next affair. At first other ministers objected and mentioned their feeling to his Majesty. He replied that M. Bezobrazoff knew his will about the thing in question, or that he would hear M. Bezobrazoff's reasons. When these reasons were heard they were satisfactory.

M. Witte, who the outside world can scarcely believe has ceased to be of consequence in the Russian system, argued with his Majesty. Now the Czar never was able to argue successfully with M. Witte, to return reason with reason and hold the field both by intellect and authority. The Czar's method was to wait until M. Witte had said all that he had to say and the door stood open for his withdrawal at the end of the audi-

#### BEZOBRAZOFF SPEAKS FOR THE CZAR

M. BEZOBRAZOFF! The outsider who reads a casual paragraph about Russia has been finding that name for some weeks thrust upon his perception along with those half-dozen other familiar ones symbolizing Russia to most of us—Witte, Pobedonosteff, Lamsdorf, Alexieff, Plehve, Tolstoi. He has perhaps heard that this man, who was a few months ago simply a private gentleman living at ease at St. Petersburg, has suddenly grown to be the Czar's right hand, the most powerful subject in the empire. M. Bezobrazoff is now more. His influence with the Czar



Camp of a rich Chukchee reindeer herder. Some of these herds consist of from five thousand to ten thousand head



Returning from a successful fishing expedition



A funeral among the Koryaks

#### AMONG THE NATIVES OF NORTHERN SIBERIA

The recent explorations in Siberia, in the interests of the American Museum of Natural History, have done much to determine the relationship of the aboriginal coast natives of Asia to those of America. Two of the most interesting Siberian races are the Chukchee and Koryak. They inhabit an immense territory, more than twice as large as the United States. They are nomadic tribes, gaining their subsistence almost entirely by reindeer breeding. The United States purchased from these people most of the domesticated reindeer which have been introduced into Alaska.





Inspecting a torpedo tube aboard the "Decatur"



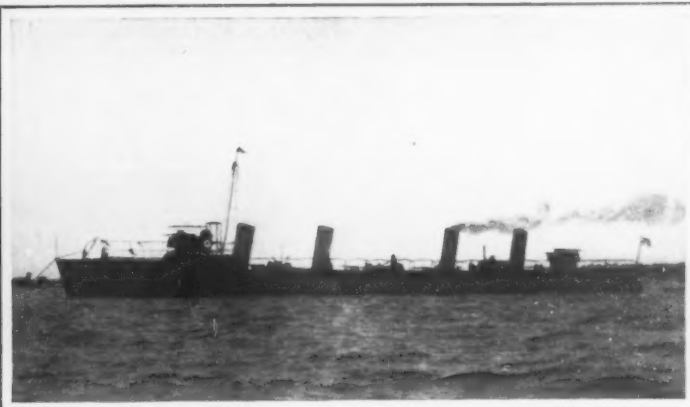
Lieut. L. H. Chandler, in command of the flotilla



Officers' mess-room on the "Decatur"



Officers in command of the torpedo-boat destroyers



U. S. torpedo-boat destroyer "Decatur," flagship of the flotilla

## LITTLE NAVAL FIGHTERS OFF FOR AN 18,000-MILE JOURNEY TO THE FAR EAST

ence. Then his Majesty would say, "I wish you to do" thus and so. M. Witte would do thus and so, but reluctantly and with an air that meant, "I have done my best to keep you from acting foolishly, but of course you are master." One day the Czar at the end of a half-hour period of signing papers with M. Witte, said without looking up, "I have appointed you to be President of the Committee of Ministers. M. Pleske will be Minister of Finance." M. Witte, long used to power, was stupefied.

This was M. Bezobrazoff's first great stroke toward clearing the road. Since then he has cut across the career of every minister. Few in that thin layer at the top of the Russian bureaucracy have been at peace. None has directly opposed him. Some, such as M. Plehve, have acquiesced. M. Bezobrazoff caused the appointment of Admiral Alexieff as Viceroy of the East in opposition to the plans of Lamsdorf and Kouropatkin. They have not accepted their changed positions in the ministry easily. The report that Count Lamsdorf had resigned, originated in his relations with M. Bezobrazoff. His attitude, like that of Kouropatkin, is to wait, to be patient, and perhaps the spring will see the end of the power of M. Bezobrazoff.

## Weary Ruler Welcomes a Master

The origin of M. Bezobrazoff's ascendancy is uncertain. His only previous appearance in politics was immediately after the assassination of Alexander II, as the promoter of a party of loyalty as opposed to the terrorists. He made some stir for two or three years. How he happened first to come into intimate contact with the present Czar seems quite unknown even to the members of the entourage, who watch comings and goings in the neighborhood of the Czar sharply. M. Bezobrazoff was of rank sufficient to give him the entrée to large functions, and his face and name have doubtless been known to the Czar for years. He was observed to talk somewhat earnestly with M. Bezobrazoff at an Easter fête this year, and to remark at parting that they would renew the conversation at another time.

Thereafter he was occasionally received in private audience. He presently became his Majesty's daily confidant. One supposition, and that is all it is, is that the Czar, growing distrustful and perhaps weary of the pushing, ambitious men about him, turned to one who in his father's time opposed discontent not by repression alone, but by teaching loyalty as the duty and pleasure of the subject, and service to the crown as high sacrifice of self, both for crown and people. Another explanation is that the Grandduke Alexander Michailovich, cousin of the Czar, who married the Czar's sister Xenia, first brought M. Bezobrazoff to the special attention of the Czar.

How medieval this fragment of current Russian history sounds and how completely out of tune with civilized life anywhere else in the world!—Our Correspondent, St. Petersburg, Dec. 6.

## THE LONG RUN OF THE DESTROYERS

THE destroyers are off for the Philippines, five of them—the *Decatur*, the *Rainbridge*, the *Barry*, the *Chauncey*, and the *Dale*. They are among the swiftest vessels of the navy. The "strength of twice four thousand horse" lies in their compact engines, and when it is exerted to its full extent, it is capable of driving them twenty-nine or thirty miles an hour.

But because of this very fleetness they are among the most fragile of ships. In all torpedo craft, speed is the great desideratum. All that is not absolutely essential is sacrificed to attain that. Their scantlings are light and fine, their plates are almost paper thin. Only an eighth of an inch separates their masters from the sea. The strength they have is little beyond what they need to withstand the strain of meeting ordinary seas at high speed.

Beyond the usual hazards of so long a cruise, such as disabling accidents to machinery, there is practically only one risk of mishap which would be

serious: the possibility of breaking in two. This would mean the loss of the vessel and all her crew, but it could happen only in a very rough sea, such as the flotilla is not at all likely to meet. Two or three British torpedo vessels have been seriously damaged, and one lost, in rough weather. But those that were damaged were going at full speed, as was probably the one lost, with a resultant strain to which our destroyers will not be subjected by this voyage.

No torpedo craft have ever made so long a cruise as this. From Hampton Roads, whence they started, to Manila Bay, where their journey will end, they will steam more than eighteen thousand miles. European nations have sent torpedo craft to Chinese waters, but their voyage was comparatively close to land at all times. In crossing the Atlantic our destroyers will make one stretch of about 3,000 miles, where there will be no possibility of reaching harbor in case of bad weather.

After that there will be two shorter stretches where they will go well away from land, besides the final run across the China Sea. Many vessels of the navy smaller than these have made more difficult cruises, but they were more stanchly constructed. The destroyers are conveyed by the converted cruiser *Buffalo*, but Lieutenant Chandler, who commands the little flotilla, declares that they could make the cruise safely and speedily with no convoy whatever.

## Little Comfort, but Independent Command

The men who command the destroyers are fit successors of the naval heroes whose names their little ships bear. Chandler of the *Decatur*, Irwin of the *Barry*, Williams of the *Rainbridge*, Moses of the *Chauncey*, and Cone of the *Dale*. All have seen much service with torpedo vessels, and are among the comparatively few men in the navy who enjoy it.

The comfort and convenience of officers and crew receive no unnecessary consideration in their design. Quarters are cramped, there is no deck room, their freeboard is so small that they are always wet if any sea is running, and they are dirty, for their continual cry is for coal. They bob like corks on the water, responding to every motion of the sea, and throbbing with every beat of the machinery. But with some men it is better to command a tug than stand watch on a battleship, and this cruise offers a fine opportunity for the display of seamanship, especially if the destroyers chance to meet rough weather.

Eighteen thousand miles in a 420-ton ship with the power of a liner! It is surely a cruise to make! Without the *Buffalo* the flotilla probably could cover the distance in less time than it will require with her. Their speed must be accommodated to hers, and if she maintains ten knots an hour she will do well. Seventy days or more of steaming there will be, with ordinary stops at the ports scheduled, if there are no delays from accidents, will make more than three months before the destroyers cast anchor off Cavité.



VICE-CONSUL MAGELSEN IN HIS OFFICE AT BEIRUT

Mr. Magelsen was shot at by a fanatic in the streets of Beirut, August 27 last. The United States called Turkey to account and an American fleet remained in the harbor of Beirut until affairs were diplomatically adjusted.



## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SOLITARY CYCLIST

*This is the fourth story of the new Sherlock Holmes series, which began in the Household Number for October. The preceding Adventures were those of The Empty House, The Norwood Builder, and The Dancing Men. The next story, "The Adventure of the Priory School," will be published in the Household Number for February, dated January 30, 1904. There will be twelve stories in this new Sherlock Holmes series.*



FROM the years 1894 to 1901 inclusive Mr. Sherlock Holmes was a very busy man. It is safe to say that there was no public case of any difficulty in which he was not consulted during those seven years, and there were hundreds of private cases, some of them of the most intimate and extraordinary character, in which he played a prominent part. Many startling successes and a few unavoidable failures were the outcome of this long period of continuous work. As I have preserved very full notes of all these cases, and was myself personally engaged in many of them, it may be imagined that it is no easy task to know which I should select to lay before the public. I shall, however, preserve my former rule and give the preference to those cases which derive their interest not so much from the brutality of the crime as from the ingenuity and dramatic quality of the solution. For this reason I will now lay before the reader the facts connected with Miss Violet Smith, the solitary cyclist of Charlington, and the curious sequel of our investigation, which culminated in unexpected tragedy. It is true that the circumstances did not admit of any striking illustration of those powers for which my friend was famous, but there were some points about the case which made it stand out in those long records of crime from which I gather the material for these little narratives.

On referring to my notebook for the year 1895, I find that it was upon Saturday, the 23d of April, that we first heard of Miss Violet Smith. Her visit was, I remember, extremely unwelcome to Holmes, for he was immersed at the moment in a very abstruse and complicated problem concerning the peculiar persecution to which John Vincent Harden, the well-known tobacco millionaire, had been subjected. My friend, who loved above all things precision and concentration of thought, resented anything which distracted his attention from the matter in hand. And yet without a harshness which was foreign to his nature, it was impossible to refuse to listen to the story of the young and beautiful woman, tall, graceful, and queenly, who presented herself at Baker Street late in the evening, and implored his assistance and advice. It was vain to urge that his time was already fully occupied, for the young lady had come with the determination to tell her story, and it was evident that nothing short of force could get her out of the room until she had done so. With a resigned air, and a somewhat weary smile, Holmes begged the beautiful intruder to take a seat and to inform us what it was that was troubling her.

"At least, it can not be your health," said he, as his keen eyes darted over her; "so ardent a bicyclist must be full of energy."

She glanced down in surprise at her own feet, and I observed the slight roughening of the side of the sole, caused by the friction of the edge of the pedal.

"Yes, I bicycle a good deal, Mr. Holmes, and that has something to do with my visit to you to-day."

My friend took the lady's ungloved hand, and examined it with as close an attention and as little sentiment as a scientist would show to a specimen.

"You will excuse me, I am sure. It is my business," said he, as he dropped it. "I nearly fell into the error of supposing that you were typewriting. Of course, it is obvious that it is music. You observe the spatulate finger-end, Watson, which is common to both professions. There is a spirituality about the face, however"—he gently turned it toward the light—"which the typewriter does not generate. This lady is a musician."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, I teach music."

"In the country, I presume, from your complexion."

"Yes, sir, near Farnham, on the borders of Surrey."

"A beautiful neighborhood, and full of the most interesting associations. You remember, Watson, that it was near there that we took Archie Stamford, the forger. Now, Miss Violet, what has happened to you near Farnham on the borders of Surrey?"

The young lady with great clearness and composure made the following curious statement:

"My father is dead, Mr. Holmes. He was James Smith, who conducted the orchestra at the Old Imperial Theatre. My mother and I were left without a relation in the world except one uncle, Ralph Smith, who went to Africa twenty-five years ago, and we have never had a word from him since. When father died we were left very poor, but one day we were told that there was an advertisement in the 'Times' inquiring for our whereabouts. You can imagine how excited we were, for we thought that some one had

left us a fortune. We went at once to the lawyer's, whose name was given in the paper. There we met two gentlemen, Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Woodley, who were home on a visit from South Africa. They said that my uncle was a friend of theirs, that he died some months before in great poverty in Johannesburg, and that he had asked them with his last breath to hunt up his relations and see that they were in no want. It seemed strange to us that Uncle Ralph, who took no notice of us when he was alive, should be so careful to look after us when he was dead; but Mr. Carruthers explained that the reason was that my uncle had just heard of the death of his brother, and so felt responsible for our fate."

"Excuse me," said Holmes; "when was this interview?"

"Last December—four months ago."

"Pray proceed."

"Mr. Woodley seemed to me to be a most odious person. He was forever making eyes at me—a coarse, puffy-faced, red-mustached young man, with his hair plastered down on each side of his forehead. I thought that he was perfectly hateful—and I was sure that Cyril would not wish me to know such a person."

"Oh, Cyril is his name?" said Holmes, smiling.

The young lady blushed and laughed.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, Cyril Morton, an electrical engineer, and we hope to be married at the end of the summer. Dear me, how did I get talking about him? What I wished to say was that Mr. Woodley was perfectly odious, but that Mr. Carruthers, who was a much older man, was more agreeable. He was a dark, sallow, clean-shaven, silent person; but he had polite manners and a pleasant smile. He inquired how we were left, and on finding that we were very poor, he suggested that I should come and teach music to his only daughter, aged ten. I said that I did not like to leave my mother, on which he suggested that I should go home to her every week-end, and he offered me a hundred a year, which was certainly splendid pay. So it ended by my accepting, and I went down to Chiltern Grange, about six miles from Farnham. Mr. Carruthers was a widower, but he had engaged a lady housekeeper, a very respectable, elderly person called Mrs. Dixon, to look after his establishment. The child was a dear, and everything promised well. Mr. Carruthers was very kind, and very musical, and we had most pleasant evenings together. Every week-end I went home to my mother in town."

"The first flaw in my happiness was the arrival of the red-mustached Mr. Woodley. He came for a visit of a week, and oh, it seemed three months to me! He was a dreadful person, a bully to every one else, but to me something infinitely worse. He made odious love to me, boasted of his wealth, said that if I married him I would have the finest diamonds in London, and finally, when I would have nothing to do with him, he seized me in his arms one day after dinner—he was hideously strong—and he swore that he would not let me go until I had kissed him. Mr. Carruthers came in, and tore him off from me, on which he turned upon his own host, knocking him down, and cutting his face open. That was the end of his visit, as you can imagine. Mr. Carruthers apologized to me next day, and assured me that I should never be exposed to such an insult again. I have not seen Mr. Woodley since."

"And now, Mr. Holmes, I come at last to the special thing which has caused me to ask your advice to-day. You must know that every Saturday forenoon I ride on my bicycle to Farnham Station in order to get the 12.22 to town. The road from Chiltern Grange is a lonely one, and at one spot it is particularly so, for it lies for over a mile between Charlington Heath upon one side and the woods which lie round Charlington Hall upon the other. You could not find a more lonely tract of road anywhere, and it is quite rare to meet so much as a cart, or a peasant, until you reach the high road near Crooksbury Hill. Two weeks ago I was passing this place when I chanced to look back over my shoulder, and about two hundred yards behind me I saw a man, also on a bicycle. He seemed to be a middle-aged man with a short, dark beard. I looked back before I reached Farnham, but the man

was gone, so I thought no more about it. But you can imagine how surprised I was, Mr. Holmes, when on my return on the Monday I saw the same man on the same stretch of road. He always kept his distance, and did not molest me in any way, but still the incident certainly seemed very odd. I mentioned it to Mr. Carruthers when he came back from London in the evening. He is a very silent man, but he seemed interested in what I said, and he told me that he had ordered a horse and trap, so that in future I should not pass over these lonely roads without some companion."

"The horse and trap were to have come this week, but for some reason they were not delivered, and again I had to cycle to the station. That was this morning. You can think that I looked out when I came to Charlington Heath, and there, sure enough, was the man, exactly as he had been last week. He always kept so far from me that I could not clearly see his face, but it was certainly some one whom I did not know. He was dressed in a dark suit with a cloth cap. The only thing about his face that I could clearly see was his dark beard. To-day I was not alarmed, but I was filled with curiosity, and I determined to find out who he was and what he wanted. I slowed down my machine, but he slowed down his. Then I stopped altogether, but he stopped also. Then I laid a trap for him. There is a sharp turning of the road, and I pedaled very quickly round this, and then I stopped and waited. I expected him to shoot round and pass me before he could stop. But he never appeared. Then I went back and looked round the corner. I could see a mile of road, but he was not on it. To make it the more extraordinary, there was no side road at this point down which he could have gone."

Holmes chuckled and rubbed his hands. "This case certainly presents some features of its own," said he. "How much time elapsed between your turning the corner and your discovery that the road was clear?"

"Two or three minutes."

"Then he could not have retreated down the road, and you say that there are no side roads?"

"None."

"Then he took a path on one side or the other."

"It could not have been on the side of the heath, or I should have seen him."

"So by the process of exclusion we arrive at the fact that he made his way toward Charlington Hall, which, as I understand, is situated in its own grounds on one side of the road. Anything else?"

"Nothing, Mr. Holmes, save that I was so perplexed that I felt I should not be happy until I had seen you and had your advice."

Holmes sat in silence for some little time.

"Where is the gentleman to whom you are engaged?"

"He is in the Midland Electrical Company."

"He would not pay you a surprise visit?"

"Oh, Mr. Holmes! As if I should not know him!"

"Have you had any other admirers?"

"Several before I knew Cyril."

"And since?"

"There was this dreadful man, Woodley."

"No one else?"

"Oh, it may be a mere fancy of mine; but it has seemed to me sometimes that my employer, Mr. Carruthers, takes a great deal of interest in me. We are thrown rather together. I play his accompaniments in the evening. He has never said anything. He is a perfect gentleman. But a girl always knows."

"Ha!" Holmes looked grave.

"What does he do for a living?"

"He is a rich man."

"No carriages or horses?"

"Well, at least he is fairly well-to-do. But he goes into the City two or three times a week. He is deeply interested in South African gold shares."

"You will let me know any fresh development, Miss Smith. I am very busy just now, but I will find time to make some inquiries into your case. In the meantime take no step without letting me know. Good-by, and I trust that we shall have nothing but good news from you."

"It is part of the settled order of nature that such a girl should have followers," said Holmes, as he pulled at his meditative pipe, "but for choice not on bicycles in lonely country roads. Some secretive



Miss Violet Smith, Teacher of Music



lover, beyond all doubt. But there are curious and suggestive details about the case, Watson."

"That he should appear only at that point?"

"Exactly. Our first effort must be to find who are the tenants of Charlington Hall. Then again, how about the connection between Carruthers and Woodley, since they appear to be men of such a different type? How came they both to be so keen upon looking up Ralph Smith's relations? One more point! What sort of a ménage is it which pays double the market price for a governess, but does not keep a horse, although six miles from the station? Odd, Watson—very odd!"

"You will go down?"

"No, my dear fellow, you will go down. This may be some trifling intrigue, and I can not break my other important research for the sake of it. On Monday you will arrive early at Farnham; you will conceal yourself near Charlington Heath; you will observe these facts for yourself and act as your own judgment advises. Then, having inquired as to the occupants of the Hall, you will come back to me and report. And now, Watson, not another word of the matter until we have a few solid stepping-stones on which we may hope to get across to our solution."

We had ascertained from the lady that she went down upon the Monday by the train which leaves Waterloo at 9:50, so I started early and caught the 9:13. At Farnham Station I had no difficulty in being directed to Charlington Heath. It was impossible to mistake the scene of the young lady's adventure, for the road runs between the open heath on one side and an old yew hedge upon the other, surrounding a park which is studded with magnificent trees. There was a main gateway of lichen-studded stone, each side-pillar surmounted by mouldering heraldic emblems; but besides this central carriage drive I observed several points where there were gaps in the hedge and paths leading through them. The house was invisible from the road, but the surroundings all spoke of gloom and decay.

The heath was covered with golden patches of flowering gorse, gleaming magnificently in the light of the bright spring sunshine. Behind one of these clumps I took up my position, so as to command both the gateway of the Hall and a long stretch of the road upon either side. It had been deserted when I left it, but now I saw a cyclist riding down it from the opposite direction to that in which I had come. He was clad in a dark suit, and I saw that he had a black beard. On reaching the end of the Charlington grounds he sprang from his machine and led it through a gap in the hedge, disappearing from my view.

A quarter of an hour passed and then a second cyclist appeared. This time it was the young lady coming from the station. I saw her look about her as she came to the Charlington Hedge. An instant later the man emerged from his hiding-place, sprang upon his cycle, and followed her. In all the broad landscape those were the only moving figures—the graceful girl sitting very straight upon her machine, and the man behind her, bending low over his handle-bar, with a curiously furtive suggestion in every movement. She looked back at him and slowed her pace. He slowed also. She stopped. He at once stopped too, keeping two hundred yards behind her. Her next movement was as unexpected as it was spirited. She suddenly whisked her wheels round and dashed straight at him! He was as quick as she, however, and darted off in desperate flight. Presently she came back up the road again, her head haughtily in the air, not deigning to take any further notice of her silent attendant. He had turned also, and still kept his distance until the curve of the road hid them from my sight.

I remained in my hiding-place, and it was well that I did so, for presently the man reappeared cycling slowly back. He turned in at the Hall gates, and dismounted from his machine. For some few minutes I could see him standing among the trees. His hands were raised and he seemed to be settling his necktie. Then he mounted his cycle, and rode away from me down the drive toward the Hall. I ran across the heath and peered through the trees. Far away I could catch glimpses of the old gray building with its bristling Tudor chimneys, but the drive ran through a dense shrubbery, and I saw no more of my man.

However, it seemed to me that I had done a fairly good morning's work, and I walked back in high spirits to Farnham. The local house agent could tell me nothing about Charlington Hall, and referred me to a well-known firm in Pall Mall. There I halted on my way home, and met with courtesy from the representative. No, I could not have Charlington Hall for the summer. I was just too late. It had been let about a month ago. Mr. Williamson was the name of the tenant. He was a respectable elderly gentleman. The polite agent was afraid he could say no more, as the affairs of his clients were not matters which he could discuss.

Mr. Sherlock Holmes listened with attention to the long report which I was able to present to him that evening, but it did not elicit that word of curt praise which I had hoped for, and should have valued. On the contrary, his austere face was even more severe than usual as he commented upon the things that I had done and the things that I had not.

"Your hiding-place, my dear Watson, was very faulty. You should have been behind the hedge. Then you would have had a close view of this interesting person. As it is you were some hundreds of yards away, and can tell me even less than Miss Smith. She thinks she does not know the man; I am convinced she does. Why otherwise should he be so desperately anxious that she should not get so near him as to see his features? You describe him as bending over the handle-bar. Concealment again, you see. You really have done remarkably badly. He returns to the house and you want to find out who he is. You come to a London house-agent!"

"What should I have done?" I cried with some heat.

"Gone to the nearest public-house. That is the cen-

tre of country gossip. They would have told you every name from the master to the scullery-maid. Williamson! It conveys nothing to my mind. If he is an elderly man he is not this active cyclist who sprints away from that athletic young lady's pursuit. What have we gained by your expedition? The knowledge that the girl's story is true. I never doubted it. That there is a connection between the cyclist and the Hall. I never doubted that either. That the Hall is tenanted by Williamson. Who's the better for that? Well, well, my dear sir, don't look so depressed. We can do little more until next Saturday, and in the meantime I may make one or two inquiries myself."

Next morning we had a note from Miss Smith, recounting shortly and accurately the very incidents which I had seen, but the pith of the letter lay in the postscript.

"I am sure that you will respect my confidence, Mr. Holmes, when I tell you that my place here has become difficult owing to the fact that my employer has proposed marriage to me. I am convinced that his feelings are most deep and most honorable. At the same time my promise is, of course, given. He took my refusal very seriously, but also very gently. You can understand, however, that the situation is a little strained."

"Our young friend seems to be getting into deep waters," said Holmes thoughtfully, as he finished the letter. "The case certainly presents more features of interest and more possibility of development than I had originally thought. I should be none the worse for a quiet, peaceful day in the country, and I am inclined to run down this afternoon, and test one or two theories which I have formed."

Holmes's quiet day in the country had a singular termination, for he arrived at Baker Street late in the evening with a cut lip and a discolored lump upon his

forehead, to hear that I am leaving Mr. Carruthers's employment. Even the high pay can not reconcile me to the discomforts of my situation. On Saturday I come up to town, and I do not intend to return. Mr. Carruthers has got a trap, and so the dangers of the lonely road, if there ever were any dangers, are now over."

"As to the special cause of my leaving, it is not merely the strained situation with Mr. Carruthers, but it is the reappearance of that odious man, Mr. Woodley. He was always hideous, but he looks more awful than ever now, for he appears to have had an accident, and he is much disfigured. I saw him out of the window, but I am glad to say I did not meet him. He had a long talk with Mr. Carruthers, who seemed much excited afterward. Woodley must be staying in the neighborhood, for he did not sleep here, and yet I caught a glimpse of him again this morning slinking about in the shrubbery. I would sooner have a savage wild animal loose about the place. I loathe and fear him more than I can say. How can Mr. Carruthers endure such a creature for a moment? However, all my troubles will be over on Saturday."

"So I trust, Watson, so I trust," said Holmes gravely. "There is some deep intrigue going on round that little woman, and it is our duty to see that no one molests her upon that last journey. I think, Watson, that we must spare time to run down together on Saturday morning and make sure that this curious and inconclusive investigation has no untoward ending."

I confess that I had not up to now taken a very serious view of the case, which had seemed to me rather grotesque and bizarre than dangerous. That a man should lie in wait for and follow a very handsome woman is no unheard of thing, and if he had so little audacity that he not only dared not address her, but even fled from her approach, he was not a very formidable assailant. The ruffian, Woodley, was a very different person, but except on the one occasion he had not molested our client, and now he visited the house of Carruthers without intruding upon her presence. The man on the bicycle was doubtless a member of those week-end parties at the Hall of which the publican had spoken; but who he was or what he wanted was as obscure as ever. It was the severity of Holmes's manner, and the fact that he slipped a revolver into his pocket before leaving our rooms, which impressed me with the feeling that tragedy might prove to lurk behind this curious train of events.

A rainy night had been followed by a glorious morning, and the heath-covered country-side with the glowing clumps of flowering gorse seemed all the more beautiful to eyes which were weary of the duns and drabs and slate-grays of London. Holmes and I walked along the broad, sandy road inhaling the fresh morning air, and rejoicing in the music of the birds and the fresh breath of the spring. From a rise of the road on the shoulder of Crooksbury Hill we could see the grim Hall bristling out from amid the ancient oaks, which, old as they were, were still younger than the building which they surrounded. Holmes pointed down the long tract of road which wound, a reddish-yellow band, between the brown of the heath and the budding green of the woods. Far away, a black dot, we could see a vehicle moving in our direction. Holmes gave an exclamation of impatience.

"I had given a margin of half an hour," said he. "If that is her trap she must be making for the earlier train. I fear, Watson, that she will be past Charlington before we can possibly meet her."

From the instant that we passed the rise we could no longer see the vehicle, but we hastened onward at such a pace that my sedentary life began to tell upon me, and I was compelled to fall behind. Holmes, however, was always in training, for he had inexhaustible stores of nervous energy upon which to draw. His springy step never slowed until suddenly, when he was a hundred yards in front of me, he halted, and I saw him throw up his hand with a gesture of grief and despair. At the same instant an empty dog-cart, the horse cantering, the reins trailing, appeared round the curve of the road and rattled swiftly toward us.

"Too late, Watson, too late!" cried Holmes, as I ran panting to his side. "Fool that I was not to allow for that earlier train! It's abduction, Watson—abduction! Murder! God knows what! Block the road! Stop the horse! That's right. Now, jump in, and let us see if I can repair the consequences of my own blunder."

We had sprung into the dog-cart, and Holmes, after turning the horse, gave it a sharp cut with the whip, and we flew back along the road. As we turned the curve the old stretch of road between the Hall and the heath was opened up. I grasped Holmes's arm.

"That's the man!" I gasped.

A solitary cyclist was coming toward us. His head was down, and his shoulders rounded as he put every ounce of energy that he possessed on to the pedals. He was flying like a racer. Suddenly he raised his bearded face, saw us close to him, and pulled up, springing from his machine. That coal-black beard was in singular contrast to the pallor of his face, and his eyes were as bright as if he had a fever. He stared at us and at the dog-cart. Then a look of amazement came over his face.

"Halloa! Stop there!" he shouted, holding his bicycle to block our road. "Where did you get that dog-cart? Pull up, man!" he yelled, drawing a pistol from his side pocket. "Pull up, I say, or, by George, I'll put a bullet into your horse."

Holmes threw the reins into my lap and sprang down from the cart.

"You're the man we want to see. Where is Miss Violet Smith?" he said in his quick, clear way.

"That's what I am asking you. You're in her dog-cart. You ought to know where she is."

"We met the dog-cart on the road. There was no one in it. We drove back to help the young lady."

"Good Lord! Good Lord! what shall I do?" cried the stranger, in an ecstasy of despair. "They've got her, that hell-bound Woodley and the blackguard par-



"IT WAS A STRAIGHT LEFT AGAINST A SLOGGING RUFFIAN"

forehead, besides a general air of dissipation which would have made his own person the fitting object of a Scotland Yard investigation. He was immensely tickled by his own adventures, and laughed heartily as he recounted them.

"I get so little active exercise that it is always a treat," said he. "You are aware that I have some proficiency in the good old British sport of boxing. Occasionally it is of service. To-day, for example, I should have come to very ignominious grief without it."

I begged him to tell me what had occurred.

"I found that country pub, which I had already recommended to your notice, and there I made my discreet inquiries. I was in the bar, and a garrulous landlord was giving me all that I wanted. Williamson is a white-bearded man, and he lives alone with a small staff of servants at the Hall. There is some rumor that he is or has been a clergyman; but one or two incidents of his short residence at the Hall struck me as peculiarly unclerical. I have already made some inquiries at a clerical agency, and they tell me that there was a man of that name in orders whose career has been a singularly dark one. The landlord further informed me that there are usually week-end visitors—a warm lot, sir—at the Hall, and especially one gentleman with a red mustache, Mr. Woodley by name, who was always there. We had got as far as this, when who should walk in but the gentleman himself, who had been drinking his beer in the tap-room and had heard the whole conversation. Who was I? What did I want? What did I mean by asking questions? He had a fine flow of language, and his adjectives were very vigorous. He ended a string of abuse by a vicious back-hander which I failed to entirely avoid. The next few minutes were delicious. It was a straight left against a slogging ruffian. I emerged as you see me. Mr. Woodley went home in a cart. So ended my country trip, and it must be confessed that, however enjoyable, my day on the Surrey border has not been much more profitable than your own."

The Thursday brought us another letter from our client.

"You will not be surprised, Mr. Holmes," said she,



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# THE SUICIDE

BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

PRINT IN BINDING

son. Come, man, come, if you really are her friend. Stand by me, and we'll save her, if I have to leave my carcass in Charlington Wood."

He ran distractedly, his pistol in his hand, toward a gap in the hedge. Holmes followed him, and I, leaving the horse grazing beside the road, followed Holmes.

"This is where they came through," said he, pointing to the marks of several feet upon the muddy path. "Halloa! stop a minute! Who's this in the bush?"

It was a young fellow about seventeen, dressed like an ostler, with leather cords and gaiters. He lay upon his back, his knees drawn up, a terrible cut upon his head. He was insensible, but alive. A glance at his wound told me that it had not penetrated the bone.

"That's Peter, the groom," cried the stranger. "He drove her. The beasts have pulled him off and clubbed him. Let him lie. We can't do him any good, but we may save her from the worst fate that can befall a woman."

We ran frantically down the path which wound among the trees. We had reached the shrubbery which surrounded the house, when Holmes pulled up. "They didn't go to the house. Here are their marks on the left—here beside the laurel bushes! Ah, I said so!"

As he spoke, a woman's shrill scream—a scream which vibrated with a frenzy of horror—burst from the thick green clump of bushes in front of us. It ended suddenly on its highest note with a choke and a gurgle.

"This way! This way! They are in the bowling alley," cried the stranger, darting through the bushes. "Ah, the cowardly dogs! Follow me, gentlemen! Too late—too late! By the living Jingo!"

We had broken suddenly into a lovely glade of greensward surrounded by ancient trees. On the further side of it, under the shadow of a mighty oak, there stood a singular group of three people. One was a woman, our client, drooping and faint, a handkerchief round her mouth. Opposite her stood a brutal, heavy-faced, red-mustached young man, his gaitered legs parted wide, one arm akimbo, the other waving a riding-crop, his whole attitude suggestive of triumphant bravado. Between them an elderly, gray-bearded man, wearing a short surplice over a light tweed suit, had evidently just completed the wedding service, for he pocketed his prayer-book as we appeared and slapped the sinister bridegroom upon the back in jovial congratulation.

"They're married!" I gasped. "Come on!" cried our guide. "Come on!" He rushed across the glade, Holmes and I at his heels. As we approached, the lady staggered against the trunk of the tree for support. Williamson, the ex-clergyman, bowed to us with mock politeness, and the bulky Woodley advanced with a shout of brutal and exultant laughter.

"You can take your beard off, Bob," said he. "I know you right enough. Well, you and your pals have just come in time for me to be able to introduce you to Mrs. Woodley."

Our guide's answer was a singular one. He snatched off the dark beard which had disguised him, and threw it on the ground, disclosing a long, sallow, clean-shaven face below it. Then he raised his revolver and covered the young ruffian who was advancing upon him with his dangerous riding-crop swinging in his hand.

"Yes," said our ally, "I am Bob Carruthers, and I'll see this woman righted if I have to swing for it. I told you what I'd do if you molested her, and, by the Lord, I'll be as good as my word!"

"You're too late. She's my wife!"

"No, she's your widow."

His revolver cracked, and I saw the blood spurt from the front of Woodley's waistcoat. He spun round and fell upon his back, his hideous red face turning suddenly to a dreadful mottled pallor. The old man, still clad in his surplice, burst into such a string of foul oaths as I have never heard, and pulled out a revolver of his own, but before he could raise it he was looking down the barrel of Holmes's weapon.

"Enough of this," said my friend coldly. "Drop that pistol! Watson, pick it up! Hold it to his head! Thank you. You, Carruthers, give me that revolver. We'll have no more violence. Come, hand it over!"

"Who are you, then?"

"My name is Sherlock Holmes."

"Good Lord!"

"You have heard of me, I see. I will represent the official police until their arrival. Here, you!" he shouted to a frightened groom who had appeared at the edge of the glade. "Come here. Take this note as hard as you can ride to Farnham." He scribbled a few words upon a leaf from his notebook. "Give it to the Superintendent at the police station. Until he comes I must detain you all under my personal custody."

The strong, masterful personality of Holmes dominated the tragic scene, and all were equally puppets in his hands. Williamson and Carruthers found themselves carrying the wounded Woodley into the

house, and I gave my arm to the frightened girl. The injured man was laid on his bed, and at Holmes's request I examined him. I carried my report to where he sat in the old tapestry-hung dining-room with his two prisoners before him. "He will live," said I.

"What?" cried Carruthers, springing out of his chair. "I'll go upstairs and finish him first. Do you tell me that that girl, that angel, is to be tied to Roaring Jack Woodley for life?"

"You need not concern yourself about that," said Holmes. "There are two very good reasons why she should under no circumstances be his wife. In the first place, we are very safe in questioning Mr. Williamson's right to solemnize a marriage."

"I have been ordained," cried the old rascal.

"And also unfrocked."

"Once a clergyman, always a clergyman."

"I think not. How about the license?"

"We had a license for the marriage. I have it here in my pocket."

"Then you got it by a trick. But in any case a

me it was a great deal to me just to see her dainty form about the house, and to hear the sound of her voice."

"Well," said I, "you call that love, Mr. Carruthers, but I should call it selfishness."

"Maybe the two things go together. Anyhow, I couldn't let her go. Besides, with this crowd about it was well that she should have some one near her to look after her. Then when the cable came I knew they were bound to make a move."

"What cable?"

Carruthers took a telegram from his pocket.

"That's it," said he.

It was short and concise:

"The old man is dead."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "I think I see how things worked, and I can understand how this message would, as you say, bring them to a head. But while we wait you might tell me what you can."

The old reprobate with the surplice burst into a volley of bad language.

"By ——" said he, "if you squeal on us, Bob Carruthers, I'll serve you as you served Jack Woodley. You can bleat about the girl to your heart's content, for that's your own affair, but if you round on your pals to this plain-clothes copper, it will be the worst day's work that ever you did."

"Your reverence need not be excited," said Holmes, lighting a cigarette. "The case is clear enough against you, and all I ask is a few details for my private curiosity. However, if there's any difficulty in your telling me, I'll do the talking, and then you will see how far you have a chance of holding back your secrets."

"In the first place, three of you came from South Africa on this game—you Williamson, you Carruthers, and Woodley."

"Lie number one," said the old man. "I never saw either of them until two months ago, and I have never been in Africa in my life. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Busybody Holmes."

"What he says is true," said Carruthers.

"Well, well, two of you came over. His reverence is our own home-made article. You had known Ralph Smith in South Africa. You had reason to believe he would not live long. You found out that his niece would inherit his fortune. How's that—eh?"

Carruthers nodded and Williamson swore.

"She was next-of-kin, no doubt, and you were aware that the old fellow would make no will."

"Couldn't read or write," said Carruthers.

"So you came over, the two of you, and hunted up the girl. The idea was that one of you was to marry her, and the other have a share of the plunder. For some reason, Woodley was chosen as the husband. Why was that?"

"We played cards for her on the voyage. He won."

"I see. You got the young lady into your service and there Woodley was to do the courting. She recognized the drunken brute that he was and would have nothing to do with him. Meanwhile your arrangement was rather upset by the fact that you had yourself fallen in love with the lady. You could no longer bear the idea of this ruffian owning her."

"No, by George, I couldn't!"

"There was a quarrel between you. He left you in a rage and began to make his own plans independently of you."

"It strikes me, Williamson, there isn't very much that we can tell this gentleman," cried Carruthers, with a bitter laugh. "Yes, we quarreled and he knocked me down. I am level with him on that, anyhow. Then I lost sight of him. That was when he picked up with this cast padre here. I found that they had set up housekeeping at this place that she had to pass for the station. I kept my eye on her after that, for I knew there was some devilry in the wind. I saw them from time to time, for I was anxious to know what they were after. Two days ago Woodley came up to my house with this cable, which showed that Ralph Smith was dead. He asked me if I would stand by the bargain. I said I would not. He asked me if I would marry the girl myself and give him a share. I said I would willingly do so; but that she would not have me. He said, 'Let us get her married first, and after a week or two she may see things a bit different.' I said I would have nothing to do with violence. So he went off cursing, like the foul-mouthed blackguard that he was, and swearing that he would have her yet. She was leaving me this week-end, and I had got a trap to take her to the station, but I was so uneasy in my mind that I followed her on my bicycle. She had got a start, however, and before I could catch her the mischief was done. The first thing I knew about it was when I saw you two gentlemen driving back in her dog-cart."

Holmes rose and tossed the end of his cigarette into the grate.

"I have been very obtuse, Watson," said he. "When in your report you said that you had seen the cyclist,

## A WINTER LYRIC

BY BLISS CARMAN

*Phaon to Sappho*

IN the long night I lie awake for hours  
Or sleep the sleep of dreamers without rest.  
For in my soul there is discouragement,  
And cold remorse lays hand upon my heart.  
Now thou art gone, the gray world has no joy,  
But bleak and bitter is the wind of life,  
Cutting this timid traveler to the bone.

Not all the gods can ever give me peace,  
Nor their forgiveness make me glad again,  
For I have sinned against my own great soul  
And cherished far too little thy great love.  
Brave was thy spirit, glad and beautiful,  
Nor ever faltered nor was faint of heart  
In the fair splendid path of thy desire.

Even as I speak there comes a touch of shame,  
Like a friend's hand upon my shoulder laid,  
To think such moody and unmanly words  
Could ever pass the mouth thy mouth has pressed.

Remembrance wakes. I hear the long far call  
To fortitude and courage in the night  
From my companions of the mighty past,  
All the heroic lovers of the world.

Hast thou not had a sudden thought of me  
Unanxious, gay, and tender as of old,  
O thou beloved more than all mortal things?  
For in my heart there was a sudden sense  
Just now with presage of returning joy,  
As when the wood-flowers waken to the sun  
And all their lovely ardors rearise.

Out of this winter will put forth one day  
The incommunicable germ of spring,  
The magic fervor that makes all things new,  
When thou and I shall walk the earth once more  
Delirious with each other as of old,  
And the soft madness lead us far away  
By meadowy roads and through the purple hills  
To our own province in the lands of love.

forced marriage is no marriage, but it is a very serious felony, as you will discover before you have finished. You'll have time to think the point out during the next ten years or so, unless I am mistaken. As to you, Carruthers, you would have done better to keep your pistol in your pocket."

"I begin to think so, Mr. Holmes; but when I thought of all the precautions I had taken to shield this girl—for I loved her, Mr. Holmes, and it is the only time that ever I knew what love was—it fairly drove me mad to think that she was in the power of the greatest brute and bully in South Africa, a man whose name is a holy terror from Kimberley to Johannesburg. Why, Mr. Holmes, you'll hardly believe it, but ever since that girl has been in my employment, I never once let her go past this house, where I knew these rascals were lurking, without following her on my bicycle just to see that she came to no harm. I kept my distance from her, and I wore a beard so that she should not recognize me, for she is a good and a high-spirited girl, and she wouldn't have stayed in my employment long if she had thought that I was following her about."

"Why didn't you tell her of her danger?"

"Because then, again, she would have left me, and I couldn't bear to face that. Even if she couldn't love



as you thought, arrange his necktie in the shrubbery, that alone should have told me all. However, we may congratulate ourselves upon a curious and in some respects a unique case. I perceive three of the county constabulary in the drive, and I am glad to see that the little ostler is able to keep pace with them; so it is likely that neither he nor the interesting bridegroom will be permanently damaged by their morning's adventures. I think, Watson, that in your medical capacity you might wait upon Miss Smith, and tell her that if she is sufficiently recovered we shall be happy to escort her to her mother's home. If she is not quite convalescent, you will find that a hint that we were about to telegraph to a young electrician in

the Midlands would probably complete the cure. As to you, Mr. Carruthers, I think that you have done what you could to make amends for your share in an evil plot. There is my card, sir, and if my evidence can be of help to you in your trial, it shall be at your disposal."

In the whirl of our incessant activity it has often been difficult for me, as the reader has probably observed, to round off my narratives, and to give those final details which the curious might expect. Each case has been the prelude to another, and the crisis once over, the actors have passed forever out of our

busy lives. I find, however, a short note at the end of my manuscripts dealing with this case in which I have put it upon record that Miss Violet Smith did indeed inherit a large fortune, and that she is now the wife of Cyril Morton, the senior partner of Morton & Kennedy, the famous Westminster electricians. Williamson and Woodley were both tried for abduction and assault, the former getting seven years and the latter ten. Of the fate of Carruthers I have no record, but I am sure that his assault was not viewed very gravely by the Court, since Woodley had the reputation of being a most dangerous ruffian, and I think that a few months were sufficient to satisfy the demands of justice.

# PILLS AND PRIDE

By JOHN WORNE

THE DELECTABLE TALE OF HOW THE SCION OF A NOBLE HOUSE, AFTER A STRUGGLE BETWEEN DIGNITY AND DISTRESS, ADOPTS DRASTIC MEASURES, WHICH PROVE MORE ASTOUNDING THAN HE COULD HAVE ANTICIPATED

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THINGS had come to such a pass that it really looked as if there were nothing left to Norman Delafay but work if he wanted to continue his existence in England. His ancestors had come over with the Conqueror (which is not the least of the things that warrior has to answer for), had been presented by a grateful monarch with extensive lands as a token of esteem—a presentation made with all the pleasure necessarily incidental to the giving away of other people's property—and, by many centuries of strenuous living spent in teaching others the dignity of scantily remunerated labor, had acquired that tone and polish which are the hallmark and the pride of a territorial aristocracy. But of what avail is territorial pride without territory, or polish as a defence to an action for a tailor's bill? For Norman was not an eldest son, and the most liberal of allowances will be swallowed up very soon if treated as unlimited in amount, and bills and such documents, though they may be frequently renewed (on terms), yet have not the secret of perpetual youth. These truths had been impressing themselves upon Norman for some weeks past, and a certain inability to pay the rent of his flat had brought matters to a head. It was particularly distressing to the mind of one who had been trained in a firm belief in the divine right of landlords to evict. The letter on the subject which he had just received was very formal, very polite, and most unmistakably determined. There was about it an air of standing no nonsense. He swore at it irritably and tore it up; but fully recognized that its evil influence was in no way affected by that proceeding. His landlord was a company without a soul, not a hapless tradesman bound to grovel to his customers. If they had the power to make him sit on his furniture in the street all night, he believed they'd do it. Altogether, the situation was one to be thought over seriously, more so than any in which he had yet found himself.

Now a visit to the Colonies would have been the natural way out of the difficulty, but Norman had a delicate little affair on hand which made him very unwilling to resort to that except in the last extremity. An appeal to his father was out of the question: the trick had been tried too often and with but poor success of late. The old lord allowed the income, and, wisely, thought it enough. And for the moment, Norman could think of nobody else likely to lend four thousand pounds on no security, which was the sum, calculated roughly, necessary to clear him comfortably of his debts.

So he swore sincerely and dressed for dinner.

Lady Mildred was wonderfully proud. Her ancestors, like the ancestors of Norman, had always been careful not to soil their fingers by contact with trade, or anything useful. They had owned large properties before the Conqueror came over, and, having assisted him as soon as they heard the result of the battle of Hastings, with an impartiality which did credit to their heads, were allowed to keep them. This had disgusted the ancestors of Norman at the time, as showing an unusual weakness in their sovereign; but that their latest descendants had risen superior to all ill feeling on that account will be obvious from the following conversation:

"Feeling chippy, old boy?" said Lady Mildred with all that indescribable something which centuries of inherited hauteur can lend to the most commonplace remark.

"Rocky as they make 'em," said Norman dolefully, using an expression which is no doubt a relic of mediaeval French; as modern English it has no meaning.

"Been having a talk with the Dad?"

"No, not yet. Don't know that I ever shall, now."

Lady Mildred looked at him quickly. "You don't expect me to elope, with out telling him?" she said.

Norman laughed a dismal laugh.

"Who's the bounder in the corner?" Lady Mildred looked in the direction indicated and her lip curled visibly.

"Mr. Byne," she said abruptly.

"Byne's Bilious Pills?" asked Norman, and she nodded.

"The Dad thinks he ought to see something of all sides of life," she hastened to explain. "But tell me about yourself."

He returned to the unpleasant subject. "Fact is, dear," he said, "I'm dead stony."

She knew what he meant at once.

"I'm not proud," he went on (he really was very proud, but let that pass), "but I don't fancy myself going to the Earl, and laying all my bally creditors at his feet, in return for his daughter's hand."

Lady Mildred put the hand in question on his arm. "But they know it will be all right?"

"Do they?" he said. "They don't behave as if they did."

"What are they doing?" she asked in some alarm.

"They want to be paid. The bounders!"

"The unspeakable cads!" The blue blood boiled in every vein. "Why don't you pay them, and never go to them again?" she said. "That would teach them not to be impudent!"

"Dear girl!" he said, "you are no end of a genius."

"You see you have to face your difficulties hopefully and they disappear."

"You cheer a fellow up wonderfully," he replied. "Could you marry me if I had to leave the country and live in a hut in the backwoods of Canada?"

"Don't talk of such things, dearest," she said in a tone which showed that the subject was distasteful to her; so he left it alone, not having got much encouragement from her answer.

If Norman and Lady Mildred were proud, the Earl of Bradshaw, her father, was immensely prouder still. That a man with vulgar creditors, a man who could not pay his rent, had parted in advance with all his allowance and had raised money on his expectations, should come to him as a suitor was unthinkable. Norman knew this well, and when next morning a County Court Summons for a paltry cigar bill was served by an impudent clerk, he knew it better still. He swore at the clerk who made a note of the exact language used, to refresh his memory when called to the witness box. After that he thought it safer to swear only at his absent relatives, who had the bad taste to allow one of the family to get into such a position. Particularly did he swear at his elder brother, one of those deuced steady beggars who had taken his position seriously, gone into politics, lent him much money, and would lend him no more. But in general he swore at everything and only paused for breath when his man announced Mr. David Byne.

Now he had only nodded casually to Mr. Byne when introduced to him at the Earl's the evening before, and for a pill-maker to call on such a slight acquaintance was a piece of impudence which no ancestor of his would have brooked for a moment. His ancestors were not the kind of people to brook anything, least



HE HAD LAID OUT THE AWFUL THING

of all pill-makers. And he had all their objection to brooking, without all their summary powers of making the objection felt. Hence Mr. Byne made so bold as to come in, and, when he went out, was still alive.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Byne.

Norman looked at him with a haughty stare.

"I think we met yesterday at the Earl of Bradshaw's."

"I was there," said Norman, cautiously admitting one-half of what was asked.

"If you could spare me a few minutes on a matter of business?"

"Egad!" thought Norman. "I have had many things on credit, but surely not pills." He motioned his visitor to a chair.

Mr. Byne, who really was quite a nice man, but had no ancestors worth speaking of, looked at him a moment and then began: "I understand—"

"One moment," interrupted Norman, "have you come to say I owe you anything?"

"No," said Mr. Byne, smiling, and Norman was a little sorry that he had suggested such a thing. "No, quite the contrary, sir, quite the contrary. I want a man who would be willing to earn five thousand pounds with a very little trouble, and it struck me last night that you might be willing to undertake the job?"

Norman looked at him in surprise.

"Earn five thousand pounds?" he echoed.

"With very little trouble indeed," repeated Mr. Byne in honeyed tones.

"What if I don't want five thousand?" asked Norman; but he was unable to say it with any assurance. It was just a little more than the sum which would pay everything, release his allowance from the charge under which it labored, and start him once more upon the path of virtue in which a pure love for the future would guide his footsteps.

"I never yet met a man who didn't," said Mr. Byne.

"No," said Norman reflectively. "Tell me what you want me to do."

"It is simple. I myself will hand over the check. But I am a business man and never give away money without getting its value."

"No," said Norman impatiently. "Quite right; it's not my principle, I'm afraid, but it's quite right."

"Very well; we understand one another." Mr. Byne went on: "I have been a business man all my life. When I was quite young I used to say 'Buy Bynes' in my cradle; a very slight reflection convinced me that such a conjunction of syllables alliterative and pleasing would be, for advertising purposes, invaluable; and my career was chosen. I would sell something. The next step was to choose the article to be sold; the first word beginning with B



THE OLD AND HAUGHTY EARL CAME FORWARD TO SHAKE HANDS

(Continued on page 22)



Headpiece by MAXFIELD PARRISH

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

Sketches by OLIVER HERFORD

### What Constitutes Success in the Drama?

**T**WO PLAYS, on American subjects, by writers high in national favor, serve to show about where we are in matters theatrical. In a season of failures, these two have had at least that "success" which is a magic word with us. It gives the philosopher shooting pains, standing as it does, in all departments, for what is coarse and hard. What is success? Might it not be going away quietly into a corner and doing what one wished?

The stage, in worshipping "success," is not different from business, politics, literature, or preaching. When we hear this season spoken of as a failure, we might reflect that for the public it is a great success. If plays fail it is because people enough are not found to waste their money and their time.

The triumphant playwright of our day is Clyde Fitch, and the first place among his recent plays is held by "Her Own Way." Security in workmanship it has. Mr. Fitch knows how to make a drama which will run—a hard task, more difficult, for instance, than to make a clock or a locomotive. He knows his trade. Observe the skill with which he makes the beautiful Maxine Elliott seem an actress. She has the only sympathetic part. The hero is absent and colorless. One man is weak, the other wicked. One woman is ridiculous, the other selfish. Miss Elliott stands without a rival for charm and virtue. The interesting decisions are made by her. The situations work for her. She is the centre of hope. She has attractive and easy work, and is never allowed to encounter difficulty. The man who fitted the part to the actress knew his craft.

What more? What spirit infusing the craft, what story to tell, what richness of language, grace or depth of character? No answer. And I speak of this play because it represents the American drama to-day.

Like Mr. Fitch, Mr. Ade, in "The County Chairman," selected the oldest plot in the laboratory, with good red villain, stereotyped heroine, familiar obstacle, and triumphant end. Neither had a plot; each concocted one; there is nothing to choose between them. Where Mr. Ade goes far ahead is in the literary elements, in humor, dialogue, and surface character. Mr. Fitch's humor is painfully stuck in, as Mr. Herford describes it, like the specialties in vaudeville. Mr. Ade's is flowing, buoyant. Around his stereotyped plot he has thrown enthusiasm and plausibility. His characters have fresh outside, although they are not deeply created, and his scenes have the surface veracity of his fables. A study of American politics by him ought to be more notable. It ought to contain, beneath the surface, more philosophy and synthesis. At least the drama has literary qualities, which is more than can be said of any other recent American play that I have seen.

### Spiritual Life in America

**H**OW LITTLE is expected of us in the higher life, by foreign critics, is suggested by some words of Edouard Rod, who has been here lately. He watched the seething crowds on Brooklyn Bridge, the furnaces blazing in Pittsburgh, the stock-yards of Chicago, our public meetings, high buildings, and universities, and he saw in preparation a new conquest of the world, before which European civilization would disappear, like Rome before barbarians. The new will devour the old; in spirit, and perhaps even literally, the ruins of ancient Syracuse will be carried, by machines thus far unknown, across the sea to ornament the city which has usurped its name. Always more money, more prosperity, commerce, industry, triumphs of machinery, chemistry, and electricity, of man over the elements, over nature, over the infinite, but all as a funeral note to sweetness, charm, and beauty.

Sad indeed, but probably untrue. The world has a history of revolutions, and the ages of creation have come when they might, in Egypt, in Greece, in China, Japan, Italy, or England. Beauty will be blotted out, to shine

again. Meantime, in comfort at least, which is the happiness of the many, we improve.

One is less inclined to pessimism after reading two recent books—the essay on Optimism by Helen Keller, and the book which tells how Dr. Howe opened for Laura Bridgman, and so for Helen Keller and others yet to come, the doors of life. Everybody should read "Laura Bridgman" by the daughters of Dr. Howe, and the essay of Miss Keller, as well as her earlier autobiography. Helen Keller, blind and deaf all except the first months of the twenty-three years of her existence, has written in this latest essay sentences not unworthy of Emerson. Some of them might become immortal. It is this girl, who has never seen the light or heard the singing of the breeze, who says:

"I demand that the world be good, and lo, it obeys."

"As my college days draw to a close, I find myself looking forward with beating heart and bright anticipations to what the future holds of activity for me. My share in the work of the world may be limited; but the fact that it is work makes it precious."

"The gladdest laborer in the vineyard may be a cripple."

"It is my chief duty and joy to accomplish humble tasks as though they were great and noble."

"If I regarded my life from the point of view of the pessimist I should be undone. I should seek in vain for the light that does not visit my eyes and the music that does not ring in my ears. I should beg night and day and never be satisfied. I should sit apart in awful solitude, a prey to fear and despair. . . . Who shall dare let his incapacity for hope or goodness cast a shadow upon the courage of those who bear their burdens as if they were privileges?"

Helen Keller, speaking as an American, asks if the great country which has done all this for her has contributed to history nothing for the spirit.

### Yellow Books and Journals

**W**HEN so wise and superior a firm as Doubleday, Page and Company reprint so jaundiced a novel as "The Leopard's Spots," in edition de luxe for Christmas, one naturally ponders such writers as Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr. His books are treated by the conservative press as trash. They are written in a style like this: "The gallant youngster who stood on the bridge of the *Merrima*, and between two towering mountains of flaming cannon, in the darkness of night blew up his ship and set a new standard of Anglo-Saxon daring, was the son of a Confederate soldier of North Carolina." Like this painting of poor Hobson's deed in yellow light, "for air," the whole novel is exaggerated, often to absurdity. The book nevertheless was worth the appearance of permanence in which the progressive publishers have dressed it. It lacks culture, measure, poise, taste; but it is alive. It has talent, it has enthusiasm, it paints in startling shapes conditions of importance.

To make Mrs. Stowe's Legree first a carpet-bagger and then a trust magnate, was brilliancy. To send Eliza and George Harris's son wandering about the North, because "one drop of negro blood makes a negro," was brilliancy. There is never entire truth. Harris is treated by his Abolitionist protector with an inconsistency too violently expressed. Lowell would have refused his daughter's hand to Harris, but he would have acted mildly. There are no tones in Mr. Dixon that are not loud, no colors that do not glare.

Similar, therefore, are such books, with power and without poise, to that faction of our press called yellow. The man who writes the editorials of most influence in the United States is the man who exaggerated the "scare-head." His editorials work for righteousness, although

by no means always. The scare-heads, with relation to the truth, are like the statement, "The Bible says, 'There is no God.'" A typical one would read, "WAR may be DECLARED"; with War Declared in letters six inches high and "may be" invisible. No wonder people of refinement detest these sheets, with their strain for effect, their distortion, their dirty paper and ugly pictures. Yet there is another aspect,

which people of refinement too little understand, and that is the impotence of respectability. All the respectable journals in New York are powerless against Tammany Hall backed by one or two of the powerful yellows. The yellow press is nearer to the people. It is coarse, but it is human. Its influence is not in degradation. The morning "World" has, in my opinion, the most intelligent editorial page in the city. That page probably counts with the voters more than the "Post," the "Tribune," and the "Times" combined. It is more original. It deals more sincerely with the facts. It has more of the truth of fresh intelligence. In America, Democracy is real. The people can not be led by the appearance of respectability. Their leader must give them heart and brain. This country is full of papers which are built on a familiar model, with long, uninspired, uniform proclamations of virtue and condemnations of vice, which satisfy stodgy readers in prosperous attire but never take hold of a naked human heart and change its shape. Mr. Roosevelt, in conversation, has spoken of the vast number of well-informed journals through the land which have no appreciable effect on the thoughts or deeds of the community. They are dead. They think like college professors. They carry on a tradition unsuited to our people. They bore us. Yellow journalism is changing this. It is doing a work of

destruction. Perhaps, when it has forced journalism to be frank, democratic, and interesting, it will itself reform, shed its evil, and be the foundation for something ideal. For a paper to be as human, able, and effective editorially as the morning "World" and the "Evening Journal," and yet without degradation in its news columns, is not an impossible ideal. It only needs a great editor, happening along, to take what was inspired in Mr. Pulitzer's pioneer work, reject the false, and begin the journalism of the future.

### How Europe Regards Art

**T**HE MOST interesting talk, on the whole, that I have ever heard about art was given recently by the American painter, John W. Alexander. European Governments, he said, do much to keep art from being merely a luxury for the rich. The British Government maintains the National Gallery of Paintings, the British Museum, with its great sculpture, the South Kensington Museum of Applied Art, the National Portrait Gallery, the Tate Gallery of Modern Paintings, and the Indian Museum. It grants money to each of more than three hundred schools of design and art classes in towns and provinces, besides paying for the maintenance of its art instructors during four years of training under competent masters at the South Kensington Museum, and it trains twelve national scholars in the applied arts of design. Paris not only has its wonderful collections and schools, but the French Government publishes and sells, at less than cost, books on the fine and applied arts.

In Paris no man is allowed to build a house until all his plans have been approved by an official board who see that in height and design they will not mar the general effect of the street or disturb the harmony of the sky-line. Each year the city gives a gold medal and one thousand francs to the architect who plans the most artistic house; to the builder, a silver medal and five hundred francs; to the owner, a reduction of fifty per cent in taxes.

### Art in America

**T**HUS ART abroad is a valued part of everybody's life. When Mr. Alexander returned to this country, he had but one trunk, sparsely filled. He had lost the key. There was half an hour's fuss in the attempt to open it. Finally an official was summoned, who belongs to the Custom House, and who appeared with his axe. Just as he arrived the painter



The Author of "The County Chairman"



The Triumphant Playwright



found his key. As he opened the trunk, the palette lay on top. "Hell," remarked the official, "why didn't you say you were only an artist?" and off he strode. The painter proceeded up the town, and the first sign he saw was: "Quick Shave. By Elegant Artists." A little later he received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR—I have an idea of a picture. I do not think it has ever been produced. If you would like I will explain it in a personal interview. I think it just as good as Jones's 'Vampire' (not so sensational), but would cause just as much discussion. Of course I would only give it away for a money consideration."

To the author in America, all that has been written and is being written lies open. To the musician the opportunities are great. The painter must go abroad for tonic and material. The artist-artisan is in the same predicament. And there is, to cap the situation, the insult of our tariff upon art. In commerce, in finance, in diplomacy, we are in the front rank, but the kind of strenuousness which appeals to us is hostile, with its scramble and dust, to the gentleness of art.

#### The Need of Education

EDUCATION is necessary to the appreciation of art. The people do not turn naturally to the best. Mr. Alexander himself, being without education in music, prefers "Florodora" to a symphony.

When art exhibitions were given in the poor quarters of New York and the people were allowed to vote, they chose with discouraging unanimity the most hopeless examples. The newspapers pay almost no attention to art, and give columns to books, plays, and music. The exhibitions held in the Fine Arts building in New York are decreasing both in attendance and in sales. Other cities do much better, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Chicago for example, as far as definite encouragement by the city is concerned. Mr. Alexander believes in every device to get people into the presence of art, by whatever motives. Perhaps he would approve of the "worth millions" over the door of the American art galleries in New York during the great portrait exhibition this month. I do. The one thing which Mr. Alexander thinks would do more than anything else to help art in this country would be a suitable building in New York, where all the principal exhibitions of that metropolis should be held, thus creating a centre. Perhaps it would do more good than a hundred or two Carnegie libraries. We perhaps read too much.

To bring art near to the people Mr. Alexander thinks the most promising means is the arts and crafts movement. "To expect them to be suddenly filled with a high aesthetic appreciation of the fine arts is absurd, but they can be taught much by the practical application of art principles to the making of every-day ob-

jects, which, with the coming of machine-made articles, turned out by dozens, all exactly alike, have become hideous and demoralizing to public taste. All over the country there are now schools for training the artist-artisan, and if the unions do not succeed in counteracting the effect of this new movement by stifling every incentive to skilled and beautiful individual production in the various trades, we shall see our working classes show the same interest in works of art that exists among those abroad." The germs of such an interest are shown in ambitions like the following:

"Mr. Alexander, Artist etc.

Dear Sir: Have heard of your skill as a rapid and elegant designer and painter, and that you give instructions in same. I have a son who is desirous of practical instruction in that line, with the view of finer ornamentation on our goods. We do a large amount of landscape and flower work on our sled tops—and on some of the finer ones animals birds etc. My son, with assistants doing the flowers etc.; but he needs some artistic instruction and would like to devote a few months during the coming winter to improvement under the direction of a competent teacher."

The desire to give beauty to the top of one's sled, to rejoice in it and be proud of it, is the soul of sincere art. There is no use in talking aesthetics if you are satisfied with machine-made furniture.

# THE BORDERLAND

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, *Author of Richard Carvel, The Crisis, Etc.*

## CHAPTER VI.—Man Proposes, but God Disposes

AS WE ROSE into the more rugged country, we passed more than one charred cabin that told its silent story of Indian massacre. Only on the scattered hill farms women and boys and old men were working in the fields, all save the scalawags having gone to join Rutherford. There were plenty of these around the taverns to make eyes at Polly Ann and open love to her, had she allowed them. But she treated them in return to such scathing tirades that they were glad to desist—all but one. He must have been an escaped redemptioner, for he wore jauntily a swanskin three-cornered hat and stained breeches of fine cloth. He was a bold, vain fellow.

"My beauty," says he, as we sat at supper, "silver and Wedgwood better become you than pewter and a trencher."

"And I reckon a rope would sit better on your neck than a ruff," retorted Polly Ann, while the company shouted with laughter. But he was not the kind to become discomfited.

"I'd give a guinea to see you in silk. But I vow your hair looks better as it is."

"Not so yours," said she, like lightning; "'twould look better to me hanging on the belt of one of them red devils."

In the morning, when he would have lifted the pack of alum salt, Polly Ann gave him a push that sent him sprawling. But she did it in such good nature withal that the fellow mistook her. He scrambled to his feet, flung his arm about her waist, and kissed her. Whereupon I hit him with a sapling, and he staggered and let her go.

"You imp of hell!" he cried, rubbing the bump. He made a vicious dash at me that boded no good, but I slipped behind the hominy block; and Polly Ann, who was like a panther on her feet, dashed at him and gave him a buffet in the cheek that sent him reeling again.

After that we were more devoted friends than ever.

We traveled slowly, day by day, until I saw the mountains lift blue against the western sky, and the sight of them was like home once more. I loved them; and though I thought with sadness of my father, I was on the whole happier with Polly Ann than I had been in the lonely cabin on the Yadkin. Her spirits flagged a little as she drew near home, but old Mr. Ripley's rose.

"There's Burr's," he would say, "and O'Hara's and Williamson's," marking the cabins set among the stump-dotted cornfields. "And thar," sweeping his hand at a blackened heap of logs lying on the stones, "thar's whar Nell Tyler and her baby was sculped."

"Poor Nell," said Polly Ann, the tears coming into her eyes as she turned away.

"And Jim Tyler was killed gittin' to the fort. He can't say I didn't warn him."

"I reckon he'll never say nuthin', now," said Polly Ann.

It was in truth a dismal sight—the shapeless timbers, the corn, planted with such care, choked with weeds, and the poor utensils of the little family scattered and broken before the door-sill. These same Indians had killed my father; and there surged up in my breast that hatred of the painted race felt by every backwoods boy in my time.

Toward the end of the day the trace led into a beautiful green valley, and in the middle of it was a stream shining in the afternoon sun. Then Polly Ann fell entirely silent. And presently, as the shadows grew purple, we came to a cabin set under some spreading trees on a knoll, where a woman sat spinning at the door, three children playing at her feet. She stared at us so earnestly that I looked at Polly Ann, and saw her redden and pale. The children were the first to come shouting at us, and then the woman dropped her wool and ran down

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE BORDERLAND, begun in Collier's for December 5, deals with the Louisiana Purchase period, and is the complete story of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. It tells of the life of those pioneers who, under Clark's leadership, captured from the British and savages that great territory which now comprises the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The story is told by David Ritchie, a canny youngster of Scotch descent, who, left an orphan, drifted with the tide across the Alleghenies, saw the brutalities of the fighting in the log forts, and went with Clark's men to Kaskaskia and Vincennes. At the opening of the story, David is living with his father in the Blue Ridge country. News reaches them that the Cherokees are on the warpath, and Ritchie decides to join in fighting the enemy. He first takes his son to Charlestown, there placing him under the care of one Temple. From his new home David witnesses the bombardment of the fort by British ships. To the boy's delight, the attack is repulsed. His host meanwhile, suspected of political equivocation, has fled the city and taken refuge with the British fleet at anchor in the harbor. In observance of his father's implied wishes, David is sent to Temple's country seat, where he learns that his father has been killed by the Indians. Leaving his new home, the boy joins a backwoodsman traveling in company of his granddaughter, Polly Ann.

the slope, straight into Polly Ann's arms. Mr. Ripley halted the horses with a grunt.

The two women drew off and looked into each other's faces. Then Polly Ann dropped her eyes.

"Have you?" she said, and stopped.

"No, Polly Ann, not one word since Tom and his Pa went. What do folks say in the settlements?"

Polly Ann turned up her nose.

"They don't know nuthin' in the settlements," she replied.

"I wrote to Tom and told him you was gone," said the older woman. "I knowed he'd wanten hear."

And she looked meaningly at Polly Ann, who said nothing.

The children had been pulling at the girl's skirts, and suddenly she made a dash at them. They scattered, screaming with delight, and she after them.

"Howdy, Mr. Ripley?" said the woman, smiling.

"Howdy, Mis' McChesney?" said the old man shortly.

So this was the mother of Tom, of whom I had heard so much. She was, in truth, a motherly looking person, her fleshy face creased with strong character.

"Who hev ye brought with ye?" she asked, glancing at me.

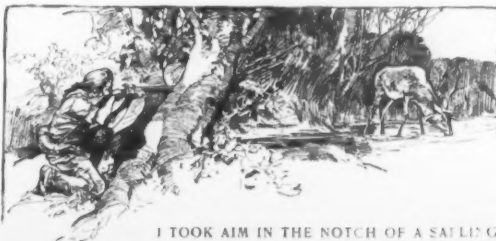
"A lad Polly Ann took a shine to in the settlements," said the old man. "Polly Ann! Polly Ann!" he cried sharply, "we'll hev to be gittin' home." And then, as though an afterthought (which it really was not), he added, "How be ye for salt, Mis' McChesney?"

"So-so," said she.

"Wal, I reckon a little might come handy," said he. And to the girl who stood panting beside him, "Polly, give Mis' McChesney some salt."

Polly Ann did, and generously—the salt they had carried with so much labor threescore and ten miles from the settlements. Then we took our departure, the girl turning for one last look at Tom's mother, and at the cabin where he had dwelt.

We were all silent the rest of the way, climbing the slender trail through the forest over the gap into the next valley. For I was jealous of Tom. I am not ashamed to own it now. In the smoky haze that rises just before night lets her curtain fall, we descended the further slope, and came to Mr. Ripley's cabin.



I TOOK AIM IN THE NOTCH OF A SAILING

## CHAPTER VII.—In Sight of the Blue Wall Once More

POLLY ANN lived alone with her grandfather, her father and mother having been killed by Indians some years before. There was that bond between us, had we needed one. Her father had built the cabin, a large one with a loft and a ladder climbing to it, and a sleeping-room and a kitchen. The cabin stood on a terrace that nature had leveled, looking across a swift and shallow stream toward the mountains. There was the truck patch, with its yellow squashes and melons, and cabbages and beans, where Polly Ann and I worked through the hot mornings; and the corn patch, with the great stumps of the primeval trees standing in it. All around us the silent forest threw its encircling arms, spreading up the slopes, higher and higher, to crown the crests with the little pines and hemlocks and balsam fir.

There had been no meat save bacon since the McChesneys had left, for of late game had become scarce, and old Mr. Ripley was too feeble to go on the long hunts. So one day, when Polly Ann was gone across the ridge, I took down the long rifle from the buckhorns over the hearth, and the hunting-knife and powder-horn and pouch beside it, and trudged up the slope to a game trail I discovered. All day I waited, until the forest light grew gray, when a buck came and stood over the water, raising his head and stamping from time to time. I took aim in the notch of a sapling, brought him down, cleaned and skinned and dragged him into the water, and triumphantly hauled one of his hams down the trail. Polly Ann gave a cry of joy when she saw me.

"Davy," she exclaimed, "little Davy, I reckoned you was gone away from us. Gran'pa, here is Davy back, and he has shot a deer."

"You don't say?" replied Mr. Ripley, surveying me and my booty with a grim smile.

"How could you, Gran'pa?" said Polly Ann reproachfully.

"Wal," said Mr. Ripley, "the gun was gone, an' Davy. I reckon he ain't sich a little rascal after all."

Polly Ann and I went up the next day and brought the rest of the buck merrily homeward. After that I became the hunter of the family; but oftener than not I returned tired and empty-handed and ravenously hungry. Indeed, our chief game was rattlesnakes, which we killed by the dozens in the corn and truck patches.

As Polly Ann and I went about our daily chores, we would talk of Tom McChesney. Often she would sit idle at the hand-mill, a light in her eyes that I would have given kingdoms for. One ever memorable morning, early in the crisp autumn, a grizzled man strode up the trail, and Polly Ann dropped the ear of corn she was husking and stood still, her bosom heaving. It was Mr. McChesney, Tom's father—alone.

"No, Polly Ann," he cried, "there ain't nuthin' happened. We've laid out the hill towns. But the Virginny men wanted a guide, and Tom volunteered, and so he ain't come back with Rutherford's boys." Polly Ann seized him by the shoulders and looked him in the face.

"Be you tellin' the truth, Warner McChesney?" she said in a hard voice.

"As God hears me," said Warner McChesney solemnly. "He sent ye this."

He drew from the bosom of his hunting-shirt a soiled piece of birch bark, scrawled over with rude writing. Polly seized it and flew into the house.

The hickories turned a flaunting yellow, the oaks a deep red, the leaves cracked on the Catawba vines, and still Tom McChesney did not come. The Cherokees were homeless and homeless and subdued—their hill towns burned, their corn destroyed, their squaws and children wanderers. One by one the men of the Grape Vine settlement returned to save what they might of their crops, and

plow for the next year—Burrs, O'Haras, Williamsons, and Winns. Yes, Tom had gone to guide the Virginia boys. All had tales to tell of his prowess, and how he had saved Rutherford's men from ambush at the risk of his life. To all of which Polly Ann listened with conscious pride and replied with sallies.

"I reckon I don't care if he never comes back," she would cry. "If he likes the Virginia boys more than me, there be others here I fancy more than him."

Whereupon the informant, if he were not bound in matrimony, would begin to make eyes at Polly Ann. Or, if he were bolder, and went at the wooing in the more demonstrative fashion of the backwoods—Polly Ann had a way of hitting him behind the ear with most surprising effect.

One windy morning when the leaves were kiting over the valley we were getting ready for pounding hominy, when a figure appeared on the trail. Steadying the hood of her sunbonnet with her hand, the girl gazed at it long and earnestly, and a lump came into my throat at the thought that it might be Tom McChesney. Polly Ann sat down at the block again in disgust. "It's only Chauncey Dike," she said.

"Who's Chauncey Dike?" I asked.

"He reckons he's a buck," was all that Polly Ann vouchsafed.

Chauncey drew near with a strut. He had very long black hair, a new coonskin cap with a long tassel, and a new blue-fringed hunting-shirt. What first caught my eye was a couple of withered Indian scalps that hung by their long locks from his girdle. Chauncey Dike was certainly handsome. "Wal, Polly Ann, are ye tired of hanging out fer Tom?" he cried, when a dozen paces away.

"I wouldn't be if you was the only one left ter choose," Polly Ann retorted.

Chauncey Dike stopped in his tracks and haw-hawed with laughter. But I could see that he was not very much pleased.

"Wal," said he, "I low ye won't see Tom very soon. He's gone to Kaintuckee."

"Has he?" said Polly Ann, with grave indifference.

"He met a gal on the trail—a blazin' fine gal," said Chauncey Dike. "She was goin' to Kaintuckee. And Tom—he loved he'd go long."

Polly Ann laughed, and fingered the withered pieces of skin at Chauncey's girdle.

"Did Tom give you them scalps?" she asked innocently.

Chauncey drew up stiffly.

"Who? Tom McChesney? I reckon he ain't got any to give. This here's from a big brave at Neowee, whar the Virginny boys was surprised." And he held up the one with the longest tuft. "He'd liked to to-mahawk me out'n the briers, but I throwed him fust."

"Shucks," said Polly Ann, pounding the corn. "I reckon you found him dead."

But that night, as we sat before the fading red of the backlog, the old man dozing in his chair, Polly Ann put her hand on mine.

"Davy," she said softly, "do you reckon he's gone to Kaintuckee?"

How could I tell?

The days passed. The wind grew colder, and one subdued dawn we awoke to find that the pines had fantastic white arms, and the stream ran black between white banks. All that day, and for many days after, the snow added silently to the thickness of its blanket, and winter was upon us. It was a long winter and a rare one. Polly Ann sat by the little window of the cabin, spinning the flax into linsey-woolsey. And she made a hunting-shirt for her grandfather, and another little one for me which she fitted with careful fingers. But as she spun, her wheel made the only music—for Polly Ann sang no more. Once I came on her as she was thrusting the tattered piece of birch bark into her gown, but she never spoke to me again of Tom McChesney. When, from time to time, the snow melted on the hillsides, I sometimes surprised a deer there and shot him with the heavy rifle. And so the months wore on till spring.

The buds reddened and popped, and the briers grew pink and white. Through the lengthening days we toiled in the truck patch, but always as I bent to my work Polly Ann's face saddened me—it had once been so bright, and it should have been so at this season. Old Mr. Ripley grew querulous and savage and hard to please. In the evening, when my work was done, I often lay on the banks of the stream staring at the high ridge; its ragged edges the setting sun had burned a molten gold. And the thought grew on me that I might make my way over the mountains into that land beyond, and find Tom for Polly Ann. I even climbed the watershed to the east as far as the O'Hara farm, to sound that big Irishman about the trail. For he had once gone to Kentucky, to come back with his scalp and little besides. O'Hara, with his brogue, gave me such a terrifying notion of the horrors of the Wilderness Trail that I gave up all thought of following it alone, and so I resolved to wait until I heard of some settlers going over it. But none went from the Grape Vine settlement that spring.

War was a-waging in Kentucky. The great Indian

nations were making a frantic effort to drive from their hunting-grounds the little bands of settlers there. And these were in sore straits.

So I waited, and gave Polly Ann no hint of my intention.

Sometimes she herself would slip away across the notch to see Mrs. McChesney and the children. She never took me with her on these journeys, but nearly

always when she came back at night—tall her eyes would be red, and I knew the two women had been weeping together. There came a certain hot Sunday in July when she went on this errand, and Grandpa Ripley having gone to spend the day at old man Winn's, I was left alone. I remember I sat on the squared log of the doorstep, wondering whether, if I were to make my way to Salisbury, I could fall in with a party going across the mountains into Kentucky. And wondering, likewise, what Polly Ann would do without me. I was cleaning the long rifle—a labor I loved—when suddenly I looked up, startled to see a man standing in front of me. How he got there I know not. I stared at him. He was a young man, very spare and very burned, with bright red hair and blue eyes that had a kind of laughter

in them and yet were sober. His buckskin hunting-shirt was old and stained and frayed by the briers, and his leggings and moccasins were wet from fording the stream. He leaned his chin on the muzzle of his gun. "Folks live here, sonny?" said he. I nodded.

"Whar be they?"

"Out," said I.

"Comin' back?" he asked.

"To-night," said I, and began to rub the lock.

"Be they good folks?" said he.

"Yes," I answered.

"Wal," said he, making a move to pass me, "I reckon I'll slip in and take what I've a mind to, and move on."

Now I liked the man's looks very much, but I did not know what he would do. So I got in his way and clutched the gun. It was loaded, but not primed, and I emptied a little powder from the flask in the pan. At that he grinned.

"You're a good boy, sonny," he said. "Do you reckon you could hit me if you shot?"

"Yes," I said. But I knew I could scarcely hold the gun out straight without a rest.

"And do you reckon I could hit you fust?" he asked.

At that I laughed, and he laughed.

"What's your name?" I told him.

"Who do you love best in all the world?" said he.

It was a queer question. But I told him Polly Ann Ripley.

"Oh," said he, next. "And what's *she* like?"

"She's beautiful," I said. "She's been very kind to me. She took me home with her from the settlements when I had no place to go. She's good."

"And a sharp tongue, I reckon," said he.

"When people need it," I answered.

"Oh," said he. And presently,

"She's very merry, I'll warrant."

"She used to be, but that's gone by," I said.

"Gone by?" said he, his voice falling. "Is she sick?"

"No," said I. "She's not sick; she's sad."

"Sad?" said he. It was then I noticed that he had a cut across his temple, red and barely healed.

"Do you reckon your Polly Ann would give me a little mite to eat?"

This time I jumped up, ran into the house, and got down some corn-pone and a leg of turkey. For that was the rule of the border. He took them in great bites, but slowly. And he picked the bones clean.

"I had breakfast yesterday mornin'," said he, "about forty mile from here."

"And nothing since?" said I, in astonishment.

"Fresh air and water and exercise," said he, and sat down on the grass. He was silent for a long while, and so was I. For a notion had struck me, though I hardly dared to give it voice.

"Are you going away?" I asked, at last.

He laughed. "Why?" said he.

"If you were going to Kaintuckee—" I began, and faltered. For he stared at me very hard.

"Kaintuckee?" he said. "There's a country! But it's full of blood and Injun varmints now. Would you leave Polly Ann and go to Kaintuckee?"

"Are you going?" I said.

"I reckon I am," he said, "as soon as I kin."

"Will you take me?" I asked, breathless. "I—I won't be in your way, and I can walk—and—shoot game."

At that he bent his head back and laughed, which made me redden with anger. Then he turned and looked at me more soberly. "You're a queer little piece," said he. "Why do you want to go there?"

"I want to find Tom McChesney for Polly Ann," I said.

He turned away his face.

"A good-for-nothing scamp," said he.

"I have long thought so," I said.

He laughed again. It was a laugh that made me want to join him, had I not been irritated.

"And he's a scamp, you say. And why?"

"Else he would be coming back to Polly Ann."

"Mayhap he couldn't," said the stranger.

"Chauncey Dike said he went off with another girl into Kaintuckee."

"And what did Polly Ann say to that?" the stranger demanded.

"She asked Chauncey if Tom McChesney gave him the scalps he had on his belt."

At that he laughed in good earnest and slapped his breech-clouts repeatedly. All at once he stopped and stared up the ridge. "Is that Polly Ann?" said he.

I looked, and far up the trail was a speck.

"I reckon it is," I answered, and wondered at his eyesight. "She travels over to see Tom McChesney's Ma once in a while."

He looked at me queerly. "I reckon I'll go here and sit down, Davy," said he, "so's not to be in the way." And he walked around the corner of the house.

Polly Ann sauntered down the trail slowly, as was her wont after such an occasion. And the man behind the house twice whispered with extreme caution, "How near is she?" before she came up the path.

"Have you been lonesome, Davy?" she said.

"No," said I. "I've had a visitor."

"It's not Chauncey Dike again?" she said. "He doesn't dare show his face here."

"No, it wasn't Chauncey. This man would like to have seen you, Polly Ann. He—here I braced myself—he knew Tom McChesney. He called him a good-for-nothing scamp."

"He did—did he?" said Polly Ann, very low. "I reckon it was good for him I wasn't here."

I grinned.

"What are you laughing at, you little monkey," said Polly Ann, crossly. "Pon my soul, sometimes I reckon you are a witch."

"Polly Ann," I said, "did I ever do anything but good to you?"

She made a dive at me, and before I could escape caught me in her strong, young arms and hugged me. "You're the best friend I have, little Davy," she cried.

"I reckon that's so," said the stranger, who had risen and was standing at the corner.

Polly Ann looked at him like a frightened doe. And as she stared, uncertain whether to stay or fly, the color surged into her cheeks and mounted to her fair forehead. "Tom!" she faltered.

"I've come back, Polly Ann," said he. But his voice was not so clear as a while ago.

Then Polly Ann surprised me.

"What made you come back?" said she, as though she didn't care a minkskin. Whereat Mr. McChesney shifted his feet.

"I reckon it was to fetch you, Polly Ann."

"I like that!" cried she. "He's come to fetch me, Davy." That was the first time in months her laugh had sounded natural. "I heerd you fetched one gal across the mountains, and now you want to fetch another."

"Polly Ann," says he, "there was a time when you knew a truthful man from a liar."

"That time's past," retorted she; "I reckon all men are liars. What are you to-morrowin' about here for, Tom McChesney, when your Ma's breakin' her heart? I wonder you come back at all."

"Polly Ann," says he, very serious, "I ain't a boaster. But when I think what I come through to git here, I wonder that I come back at all. The folks shut up at Harrod's said it was sure death ter cross the mountains now. I've walked two hundred miles and fed seven times, and my scalp's as near hangin' on a Red Stick's belt as I ever want it to be."

"Tom McChesney," said Polly Ann with her hands on her hips and her sunbonnet tilted, "that's the longest speech you ever made in your life."

I declare I lost my temper with Polly Ann then, nor did I blame Tom McChesney for turning on his heel and walking away. But he had gone no distance at all before Polly Ann, with three springs, was at his shoulder. "Tom!" she said gently.

He hesitated, stopped, thumped the stock of his gun on the ground, and wheeled. He looked at her doubtfully, and her eyes fell to the ground. "Tom McChesney," said she, "you're a born fool with wimmen."

"Thank God for that," said he, his eyes devouring her.

"Ay," said she. And then, "You want me to go to Kaintuckee with you."

"That's what I come for," he stammered, his assurance all run away again.

"I'll go," she answered, so gently that her words were all but blown away by the summer wind. He



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laid his rifle against a stump at the edge of the corn-field, but she bounded clear of him. Then she stood, panting, her eyes sparkling. "I'll go," she said, raising her finger, "I'll go for one thing."

"What's that?" he demanded.  
"That you'll take Davy along with us." This time Tom had her, struggling like a wild thing in his arms and kissing her black hair madly. As for me, I might have been in the next settlement for all they cared. And then Polly Ann, as red as a holly berry, broke away from him and ran to me, caught me up and hid her face in my shoulder. Tom McChesney stood looking at us, grinning, and that day I ceased to hate him.

"There's no devil if I don't take him, Polly Ann," said he. "Why, he was a-goin' to Kaintuckee ter find me for you."  
"What?" said she, raising her head.  
"That's what he told me afore he knew who I was. He wanted to know if I'd fetch him that."

"Little Davy!" cried Polly Ann. The last I saw of them that day they were going off up the trace toward his mother's, Polly Ann keeping ahead of him and just out of his reach. And I was very, very happy. For Tom McChesney had come back at last, and Polly Ann was herself once more.

As long as I live I shall never forget Polly Ann's wedding. She was all for delay and such a bunch of coquetry as I have never seen. She raised one objection after another; but Tom was a firm man, and his late experiences in the wilderness had made him impatient of trifling. He had promised the Kentucky settlers, fighting for their lives in their blockhouses, that he would come back again. And a resolute man who was a good shot was sorely missed in the country in those days.

It was not the thousand dangers and hardships of the journey across the Wilderness Trail that frightened Polly Ann. Not she. Nor would she listen to Tom when he implored her to let him return alone, to come back for her when the redskins had got over the first furies of their hatred. As for me, the thought of going with them into that promised land was like wine. Wondering what the place was like, I could not sleep of nights.

"Ain't you afeerd to go, Davy?" said Tom. "You promised Polly Ann to take me," said I indignantly.

"Davy," said he, "you ain't over handsome. 'Twouldn't improve yere looks to be bald. They hev a way of takin' yere hair. Better stay behind with Gran'pa Ripley till I kin fetch ye both."

"Tom," said Polly Ann, "you kin just go back alone if you don't take Davy."

So one of the Winn boys agreed to come over to stay with old Mr. Ripley until quieter times.

The preparations for the wedding went on apace that week. I had not thought that the Grape Vine settlement held so many people. And they came from other settlements, too, for news spread quickly in that country, despite the distances. Tom McChesney was plainly a favorite with the men who had marched with Rutherford. All the week they came, loaded with offerings, turkeys and venison and pork and bear meat—great delicacy of all—until the cool spring was filled for the feast. From thirty miles down the broad, a gaunt Baptist preacher on a fat white pony arrived the night before.

Polly Ann's wedding-day dawned bright and fair, and long before the sun glistened on the corn tassels we were up and clearing out the big room. The fiddlers came first—a merry lot. And then the guests from afar began to arrive. Some of them had traveled half the night. The bridegroom's friends were assembling at the McChesney place. At last, when the sun was over the stream, rose such Indian war-whoops and shots from the ridge trail as made me think the redskins were upon us. The shouts and hurrahs grew louder and louder, the quickening thud of horses' hoofs was heard in the woods, and there burst into sight of the assembly by the truck patch two wild figures on crazed horses charging down the path toward the house. We scattered to right and left. On they came, leaping logs and brush and ditches, until one of them pulled up, yelling madly, at the very door, the foam-flecked sides of his horse moving with quick heaves.

It was Chauncey Dike, and he had won the race for the bottle of "Black Betty"—Chauncey Dike, his long, black hair shining with bear's oil. Amid the cheers of the bride's friends he leaped from his saddle, crowded a stump, and, flapping his arms, crowed in victory. Before he had done the vanguard of the groom's friends were upon us, pell-mell, all in the finest of backwoods regalia—new hunting-shirts, trimmed with bits of color, and all armed to the teeth—scalping-knife, tomahawk, and all. Nor had Chauncey Dike forgotten the scalp of the brave who leaped at him out of the briars at Neewee.

Polly Ann was radiant in a white linen gown, woven and sewn by her own hands. It was not such a gown as Mrs. Temple, Nick's mother, would have worn, and yet she was to me a hundred times more beautiful than that lady in all her silks. Peeping out from under it were the little blue-beaded moccasins which Tom himself had brought across the mountains in the bosom of his hunting-shirt. Polly Ann was radiant, and yet at times so rapturously shy that when the preacher announced himself ready to tie the knot she ran into the house and hid in the cupboard—for Polly Ann was a child of nature. Thence, coloring like a wild rose, she was dragged by a boisterous bevy of girls in linsey-woolsey to the spreading maple of the forest that stood on the high bank over the stream. The assembly fell breathless, and not a sound was heard save the breathing of Nature in the heyday of her time. And though I was happy, the sob rose in my throat. There stood Polly Ann, as white

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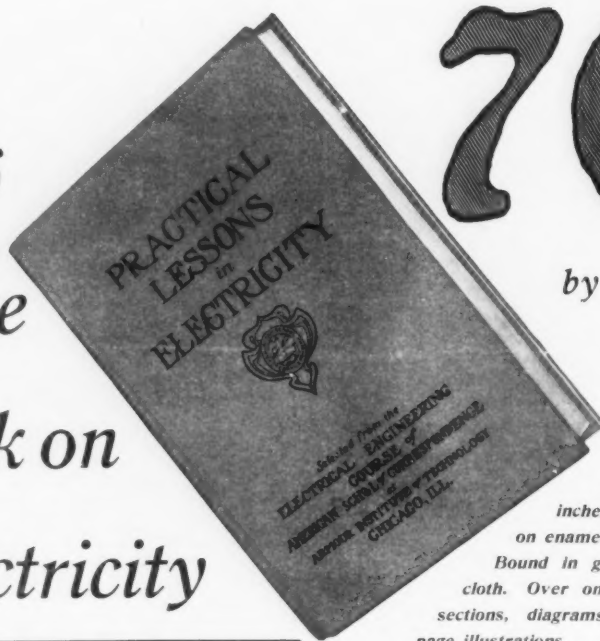
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now as the bleached linen she wore, and Tom McChesney, tall and spare and broad, as strong a figure of a man as ever I laid eyes on. God had truly made that couple for wedlock in this leafy temple.

The deep-toned words of the preacher in prayer broke the stillness. They were made man and wife. And then began a day of merriment, of unrestraint, such as the backwoods alone knows. The feast was spread out in the long grass under the trees—sides of venison, bear meat, corn-pone fresh baked by Mrs. McChesney and Polly Ann herself, and all the vegetables in the patch. There was no stint, either, of maple beer and rum and "Black Betty," and toasts to the bride and groom amid gusts of laughter "that they might populate Kaintuckee." And Polly Ann would have it that I should sit by her side under the maple.

The fiddlers played, and there were foot races and shooting matches. Ay, and wrestling matches in the severe manner of the backwoods between the young bucks, more than one of which might have ended seriously were it not for the high humor of the crowd. Tom McChesney himself was in most of them, a hot favorite. By a trick he had learned in the Indian country he threw Chauncey Dike (no mean adversary) so hard that the backwoods dandy lay for a moment in sleep. Contrary to the custom of many, Tom was not in the habit of crowing on such occasions, nor did he even smile as he helped Chauncey to his feet. But Polly Ann knew, and I knew, that he was thinking of what Chauncey had said to her.

So the long summer afternoon wore away into twilight, and the sun fell behind the blue ridges we were to cross. Pine knots were lighted in the big room, the fiddlers set to again, and then came jigs and three and four handed reels that made the puncheons rattle—chicken-flutter and cut-the-buckle—and Polly Ann was the leader now, the young men flinging the girls from fireplace to window in the reels, and back again; and when, panting and perspiring, the lass was too tired to stand longer, she dropped into the hospitable lap of the nearest buck who was perched on the bench along the wall awaiting his chance. For so it went in the backwoods in those days, and long after, and no harm in it that ever I could see.

Well, suddenly, as if by concert, the music stopped, and a shout of laughter rang under the beams as Polly Ann flew out of the door with the girls after her, as swift of foot as she. They dragged her, a struggling captive, to the bride-chamber which made the other end of the house, and when they emerged, blushing and giggling and subdued, the fun began with Tom McChesney. He gave the young men a pretty fight indeed, and long before they had him conquered the elder guests had made their escape through door and window.

All night the reels and jigs went on, and the feasting and drinking too. In the fine rain that came at dawn to hide the crests, the company rode wearily homeward through the notches.

TO BE CONTINUED

## The Land of the Never To Be

By Maurice Smiley

OUT there on the dreamy horizon,  
Where the beckoning skies begin,  
There lieth a land that is girdled  
By the ocean of Might Have Been.  
Ah, pure as the sigh of an angel,  
Out over the Wistful Sea,  
Is that goal of the bark of our visions,  
The Land of the Never To Be.

There blossom the Wonderful Gardens,  
Where the dewdrops are the tears that we shed;

Where the breezes are sighs that we uttered,  
And flowers we fancied were dead,  
The flowers that languished and withered,  
And died on a dead hope's breast,  
Are blooming in fadeless fragrance,  
The sweet of an infinite rest.

And there on a tear-wet altar  
Are the laurels of battles we gain,  
When we wrestle in anguish of spirit  
In days that are bitter with pain;  
When fast to the cross of ideals  
We nail a great yearning that we  
May win the crown of the loyal  
In the Land of the Never To Be.

These lullaby voices are hushing  
Each cry of a crucified need;  
And gentle hands tenderly binding  
Each pain of the hearts that bleed,—  
Out there on the dreamy horizon,  
Where the beckoning skies begin;  
Out there in the land that is fretted  
By the waves of the Might Have Been.

Ah, fair as the dawn and the twilight,  
That bourne that we never shall reach,  
Where only the pinions of prayers  
May fold on its fringed beach;  
That stand with the Radiant Harbor  
Far over the Wistful Sea;  
The shore of the sails of our dreaming,  
The Land of the Never To Be.

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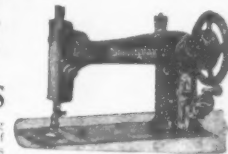
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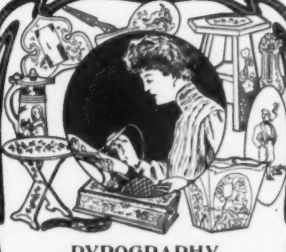
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## PILLS AND PRIDE

(Continued from Page 21)

which would occur to any man was 'Bilious,' and from that to 'Pills' was as natural as from ham to eggs or from tripe to onions."

Norman made no attempt to conceal a shudder. Mr. Byne noticed it, and said with some asperity, "I may mention that bilious pills, young man, have put some million and a half into my pocket, and I mean them to put more."

"That doesn't make them any less bilious," said the aristocrat with a coldness which in any lesser man would have been considered rude. "Why on earth have you come here to tell me this?"

Mr. Byne looked at him keenly for a moment and then said, "You will be at the ball at Bradshaw House on Thursday?"

"Precisely. It will be a magnificent affair, I'm told—one of the events of the season, eh?"

"Possibly," Norman spoke haughtily, as who should say, "What has that to do with a worm like you?"

"A function at which the press will be present."

"I—ah—really take no interest in such persons."

"Quite so; but they take an interest in you."

Norman waved his hand in a manner which signified that that was but one of the inflictions of greatness.

"Now it is on Thursday night that you can earn five thousand pounds."

"Well, well! What do you want me to do?"

"You have but to go to Bradshaw House, spend two hours in and about the ballroom in the ordinary way, dance with Lady Mildred—"

"I shall do that or not without your orders, sir."

"Wearing on your shirt-front in black letters one inch long the words 'Buy Byne's Bilious Pills!'"

There was a dead silence. Noticing the look on Norman's clear-cut aristocratic features, Mr. Byne rose and backed cautiously toward the door. The storm burst; blue blood pent up overflowed with terrific violence.

What Norman said can not be given in full in respectable pages. Words, however, Mr. Byne did not seem to mind; once out of physical danger, he was calm and collected.

"You infernal scoundrel!" said Norman. "Get out of this, or I'll kick you through the window!"

To which Mr. Byne only replied by placing his card on a table and saying, "That is my address; an answer any time before Thursday afternoon will do."

"You miserable cad!" said Norman, and tore up the card.

Mr. Byne held the door open. "My telephone number," he murmured, "is 20,793 Westminster."

Norman in a loud tone mentioned a place to which he might go. It was not Westminster.

"I shall leave my address with your servant."

"Thomson!" shouted Norman. Thomson appeared. "Take this fellow and throw him downstairs!"

"Very good, sir," said Thomson, being accustomed to such orders.

"I increase my offer to ten thousand pounds," said Mr. Byne, as he retired hurriedly and disappeared.

That very afternoon a gentleman came round to Norman's room from a firm of motor-car makers. He bore in his hand a check for £250 signed by Norman and marked "Refer to drawer."

He explained that at the bank they had said that so far from the Hon. Norman Delafoy having £250 to his account he had overdrawn to a considerable extent.

He suggested that the Hon. Norman Delafoy was well aware of the fact when he obtained the motor-car on the strength of the check.

Finally he hinted, most unpleasantly, that if the sum were not paid by the end of the week, there might be criminal proceedings.

Not, of course, that he desired such, but his partner was the duce of a fellow and hard to pacify.

On Thursday evening Norman sat with his arms on the table and his head on his arms, groaning. His hair, once brown, was streaked with gray. For two nights he had not slept.

His face was lined with anguish, and his eyes glared vacantly when he looked round the room. The portrait of an ancestor had been turned with its face to the wall. Thomson had done this quietly, and Norman had tried to turn it back again. But the mediaeval countenance wore a look of reproach and wrath, and he shrank from it in despair.

Thomson, proud descendant of a long line of faithful servitors, was still hoping against hope.


"Mildred! Mildred!" moaned Norman, and again "Byne's Bilious Pills," and savagely thumped the table at each word.

Thomson thought he was summoned and opened the door—"Sir!"

Norman looked up. "I didn't call you," he said fiercely.

"Very good, sir," Thomson paused and then added, "It has come, sir." Poor Thomson! He was still waiting for something heroic in his master's still waiting for a miracle. With tears in his eyes he had laid out the awful thing and put studs in it. But he still hoped.

Norman said nothing, but walked into his dressing-room. Thomson followed him. On both their faces was a supernatural calm, but Thomson was trembling. There was still time for a mighty stroke—Canada, Australia, South America—anywhere where a ruined scion of a proud house could hide his dishonored head without advertising bilious pills. But



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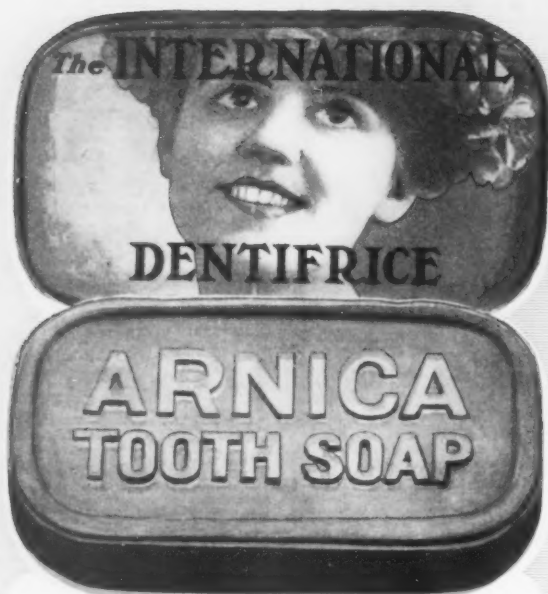
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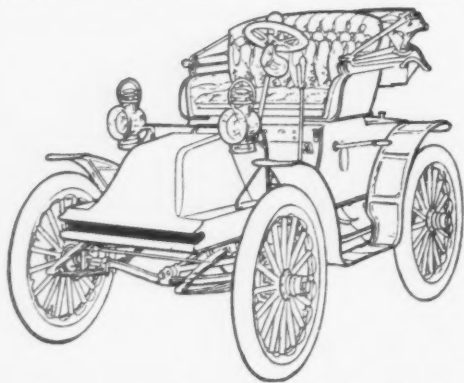


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Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

it was not for a valet to teach his master the laws of chivalry. He could only watch the struggle and tremble for the result. Norman glanced at the chair where the thing was propped up in all its hideous degradation and turned away, with a tightening of the lips. Softly Thomson got out another shirt whose shining surface was all unacquainted with the uses of advertisement and placed it convenient to hand. When the crisis came he drew himself up with impassive countenance like a soldier on a sinking ship; only the twitching of his mouth gave indication of the tumult within. Norman picked up the unoffending shirt, and Thomson's heart bounded in his breast. Norman paused irresolute; he murmured, "Ten thousand pounds," and, though in agony, Thomson was too well trained to cry out, "The Honor of the Delafays." If he had, he might have won the day. But the great moment passed. Norman flung down the shirt he held, divided with the frenzy of a lost soul into the other, and the die was cast. With a stifled moan, Thomson rushed from the room. As, ten minutes later, Norman passed out to a cab, they met. Norman hung his head and shunned the memal's gaze.

"You needn't wait up for me," he muttered.

"I shall not be here, sir," said Thomson sadly.

Norman stopped abruptly. "What do you mean?"

"We servants have our feelings, sir. I can bear not receiving my salary, sir; but we have our feelings."

"You shall be paid to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; it's not that. I couldn't take the money; I beg to state, sir, that I leave to-night." There was a big tear trickling down his faithful cheek.

"But—" said Norman, but he looked at the man and stopped.

Thomson merely drew himself up and gazed at him with mingled pride and reproach. "We have our feelings."

Norman turned hurriedly away and walked out like a whipped cur.

In the cab he tried in a listless way to think of plausible excuses. Mildred's proud face was always before him. Would it do to say he thought it a fancy-dress ball and came as The Spirit of Advertisement? Thin, very thin. And what if the old and haughty Earl had him summarily turned out? He groaned.

It would be Canada after all. But at any rate there would be no criminal proceedings. And a fellow can always start again in a foreign country. But oh the agony and disgrace of the next few hours! He told the cabman to drive very slowly. He dreaded the moment when he should have to take off his overcoat, and twice he was on the point of turning back and flying at once. They drew up at the door, and he sat still so long that the cabman looked through the roof to see what was the matter. "The Honor of the Delafays."

He clung to his overcoat but it had to go. The footmen smiled; he could have killed them. They bawled his name sarcastically. He crept along trying vainly to make his dress-coat meet in front. It would not. And his hand was all too small to cover the whole of his shirt-front. Oh! for a little darkness. But all was brilliant, brilliant! Like a nightmare! At the door of the ballroom it was too late to escape. He worked up a daring smile and strode in. Lady Mildred looked at him, and her proud lip curled and curled again. But the old and haughty Earl came forward to shake hands, with a sickly attempt at geniality.

"Heel! Heel!" said the Earl, "we—er—as—you—er—seem to have heard—er—decided to make it fancy dress." "My shirt-front bore the legend 'Byrne's Bilious Pills are the Best!'"

Mr. Byrne did not insist on his dancing with Lady Mildred. Recognizing the hollowness of pride, she promised to be a pillman's wife, on one condition—that he converted the business into a company, which the same is more genteel, smacking less of the shop. And next morning the papers reported (apart from the Social Columns, which created much stir) that in many parts of the country there had been mysterious subterranean rumblings and gentle upheavals of the ground, noticeably in the neighborhood of ancient churches, abbeys, and picturesque ruins. There was some alarm, as it was thought to be a slight earthquake.

It was not. It was merely innumerable ancestors turning in their graves.

Next week's COLLIERS will be the first number of the new year. It will contain a pictorial review and a retrospective description of the events of 1903. The review will consist of photographs of the important events of the year now ending, and will prove one of the most interesting double-page pictures ever presented.

**Burnett's Vanilla Extract**  
is the best, and the best is none too good for your food and drink. Insist on having Burnett's—Ad.

**Mince pie**—distress—Dyspepsis give immediate relief. Dyspepsis are the new agreeable cure for dyspepsia. By mail only, direct from maker to consumer. Usual 50c, worth for 25c. C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.—Ad.

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An Old and Well-Tried Remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over Sixty Years by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It soothes the child, softens the Gums, allays all Pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle. —Ad.

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Give superb style, beauty, grace, comfort, health, and aid natural development. Worn with or without corset, cool, cleanly, durable, fit any figure, impossible to tell from real flesh. Give support and grace to mothers; enthusiastically welcomed by women of style and fashion, by artists, sculptors and models. A revelation and a boon to the cultured who abhor "padding." Write for photo-illustrated circular, with Convincing Testimonials, mailed free as a plain sealed letter.

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In all styles, plain and decorated, engraved in colors.

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were all shown to Ebenezer Scrooge in Dickens' Christmas Carol. Suppose you could be shown your future Christmas, or those of your family? Don't you think it might possibly cause you to at once take steps to protect your loved ones and to provide for your own old age? An adequate Endowment Policy in the Equitable will accomplish both of these results.

VACANCIES for men of character and representative ability. Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2nd Vice President.

For full information fill out this coupon, or write

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Please send me information regarding an Endowment for \$..... if issued at..... years of age.

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## "Force-thoughts"

BY SUNNY JIM

I WANT to personally invite each of the half million readers of *Collier's* to join THE "FORCE" SOCIETY.

Its membership is limited strictly to those who want to be happier than they are.

Each member is entitled to an "M. F. S." after his name—and to enroll other members if he thinks enough of them.

The Creed is simple—I wrote it myself.

*I believe that to be happy is all I want.*

*I believe that I was never unhappy until I thought I was, and that therefore I can never be happy until I think I am.*

*I believe that there's no use trying to think happiness with my mind when my stomach is arguing the question with my body.*

*I believe that if I ate the food my stomach liked the best there wouldn't be any question to argue.*

*I believe, therefore, that before I think about being happy I've got to settle this food problem.*

That's all there is to the Creed.

You see it stops rather abruptly, because that's where you join the Society, and when you've joined you have settled the food problem.

I know of but one food that makes the Creed livable.

It is the food that made me sunny.

It is the food of the members of THE "FORCE" SOCIETY, an organization which I think you would like to join if you knew about it. All you have to do is to believe that it is a good thing to try to live up to the "one thing at a time" idea in my Creed and to write to me for certificate of membership, engraved copy of the Creed, the badge of the order and the motto of the Society.

I would prefer that you would enclose a 2c. stamp with your application. When you have become a member of the Society you will have conferred upon you the honorary degree of "M. F. S."

By the way, that "one thing at a time" idea applies nearly every minute of the day.

For the present moment, for example, the "one thing" I should think would be to write out your application for membership.

Before you forget it.

Be Sunny! Yours truly,

*Sunny Jim*

## APPLICATION for Membership in THE "FORCE" SOCIETY—

SUNNY JIM

Buffalo, U.S.A.

Dear Sir: I hereby agree to try, according to the "Sunny Jim" creed, to do but one thing at a time, and to try and think about it while I am doing it.

Enclosed is a 2c. stamp for which please send me

Certificate of Membership;

Badge of the Order;

Motto of the Society;

Engraved Copy of the Creed,

and confer upon me the Honorary Degree of "M. F. S."

Sunny Jim

Name

Address

City

State

Post Office

Country

Day

Month

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Full Name

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If it suits, you may send us your check.  
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of the cost and get 20 per cent more chicks with **THE VON OULIN INCUBATORS.** Absolutely the highest grade machine on the market and sold lower than any other in its class. Pays for itself first season by what it saves. Our "Breed Down" Catalog proves all claims. Wayland Incubator & Wfe. Co., Box 90, Wayland, N. Y.

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Postpaid \$1.25

## Girls—who paint

A "Girls' Class in Water Color" by Mail. Cut this out, mail it with your address, and get a Free Lesson Circular with particulars and portraits of 20 well-known illustrators and Pen and Ink Artists.

**NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WATER COLOR**  
86 World Building, New York City

coaxed; he pleaded; he cajoled—but all in vain. Then he thought of his commission. It was an inspiration. He jumped into a cab and hurried to his hotel. He rescued the commission from his trunk. He dashed back to the steamship office. He sought out the manager, but the latter was obdurate, and explained, with that touching French shrug of the shoulders, that arguments were useless; that every stateroom had been engaged long before, and that the next trip was the first he could be booked on.

Then Moore sprang his gorgeous official study in colors and symposium of titles. The French official read the document carefully—and capitulated. His demeanor, heretofore indifferent, became deferential. He said he had been holding a room on the reservation of an important personage in France, but as the latter had not yet arrived, "would see Monsieur Moore p'leeze take," Moore took. The stateroom was one of the best on the steamer. Secretary Wilson and Chief Moore, hereafter, will always travel with commissions built to show.

## A Little Christmas Hymn

By Frank Dempster Sherman

Dear Child of Mary, at whose birth  
A new star lit the sky  
To guide the children of the earth,—  
A beacon set on high;  
The shepherds must have gladdened when  
They saw that gleam above,—  
The token of God's gift to men,  
Dear little Child of love!

Dear Child, our tender Shepherd now,  
Keep us within Thy call:  
We are the sheep, dear Christ, and Thou,  
A child, dost lead us all.  
Bright o'er the plains the shepherds trod,  
Still shines His star above;  
Make Thou our hearts a gift to God,  
Dear little Child of love!

## The Lion's Mouth

Award of Prizes in the October and November Competitions

The questions asked in the October contest were: "What feature do you like most and what feature do you like least in the present make-up of Collier's; and what changes do you consider have been for the better, and what, if any, have been of no advantage in the development of the Weekly?"

To this there came an unusually large number of answers. This was the cause of the delay in making the announcement of the prize winners. They are as follows:

### OCTOBER CONTEST

1. Dudley W. Welch, M.D., Parkersburg, W. Va.
2. W. R. Talbot, Williamsport, Pa.
3. Max L. Boeck, Milwaukee, Wis.
4. Frank Farrington, Delhi, N. Y.
5. W. K. Cochran, Chicago, Ill.
6. R. S. Somerville, Montreal, Can.
7. W. Graydon Steison, Newark, N. J.
8. George Marshall, Pittsburg, Pa.
9. Harlan C. Pearson, Concord, N. H.
10. Joseph A. Nauer, Philadelphia, Pa.
11. Layton Brewer, New York City.
12. P. C. Henry, Cincinnati, Ohio.
13. A. M. Mixon, Brooklyn, N. Y.
14. Edward H. Galligan, San Francisco, Cal.
15. G. Lancaster Bend, Baltimore, Md.
16. Miss Mary E. Edwards, Philadelphia, Pa.
17. Dr. Robert W. Hill, Albany, N. Y.
18. Rupert S. Holland, Philadelphia, Pa.
19. Carl A. Carlquist, Salt Lake City, Utah.
20. George Vanier, Montreal, Can.

Of these prize winners Max L. Boeck wins an extra prize of \$25 for getting his name twice on the list of prize winners, his name having appeared among the successful contestants in the March competition. W. R. Talbot is also a former prize winner, but he has already been awarded the "repeater" prize on a previous occasion.

The question asked in the November contest was: "What do you think of 'Seven Days,' and in what way do you think it could be improved in value or interest?"

The best answers were sent in by the following named competitors, to whom the twenty prizes are awarded:

### NOVEMBER CONTEST

1. Arthur W. Hodgman, Columbus, O.
2. H. Gregory, Atlanta, Ga.
3. Gus A. Schults, Washington, D. C.
4. Rupert S. Holland, Philadelphia, Pa.
5. Eliot Keen, Brooklyn, N. Y.
6. Frederick F. Forbes, Williamsport, Pa.
7. R. J. Hamilton, Chicago, Ill.
8. Edward Ingraham, New Bedford, Mass.
9. George R. Newman, Louisville, Ky.
10. Gustav Hertz, Kansas City, Mo.
11. F. Reddale, Brooklyn, N. Y.
12. C. E. Barnett, Pittsburg, Pa.
13. Kirby Thomas, Superior, Wis.
14. Edward S. White, Harlan, Ia.
15. Pierre Voyer, Montreal, Can.
16. Alice P. Cain, Parkersburg, W. Va.
17. Dr. Robert Kerr, Bradford, Pa.
18. Viola D. Oliver, Victor, Col.
19. Adrian Getaz, Knoxville, Tenn.
20. David Donovan, Bronxville, N. Y.

Of these winners, four, H. Gregory, G. A. Schults, R. S. Holland, and Eliot Keen, win \$25 extra prizes for getting their names a second time on the prize list. A. W. Hodgman makes his fourth appearance on the list of winners, while F. F. Forbes and C. E. Barnett are successful for the fifth time. They get no extra prizes, however, as their "repeater" prizes were awarded for earlier successes.

# Vose

## PIANOS

Have been Established over 51 Years

They combine delicacy of expression with durability of construction.

The *Pure Tone* is fortified with an absolute mechanical strength that is a distinguishing feature of every Vose.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for our descriptive catalogue, which gives full information.

**VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.**  
161 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

## 90 Days' Trial

We sell more reliable merchandise by mail than any house in the world. Volume of sales regulates prices. No firm can undersell us on reliable goods; we refuse to handle the other kind.

Our Oakland Machine 825  
Our Oakland Machine at \$8.25 is warranted for 5 years and is the best machine on the market at this price.

At \$12.75 our Amazon is as good as the regular \$20 kind; is beyond comparison with other machines at this price.

For 1450  
Our Brunswick Seven Drawer, High Arm, Ball Bearing, Drop Head Machine is a beauty, one that will do all kinds of work and can be depended upon. Price is much lower than any other firm asks for equal quality. Mounted on handsome Automatic Drop Desk Quartered Oak Cabinet like picture only 1695

**Free Catalogue**  
of Sewing Machines containing our 90 days' free trial offer, sent on request. Write for it today.

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**  
CHICAGO

## MEMORY MENDING

What Food Alone Can Do for the Memory

The influence of food upon the brain and memory is so little understood that people are inclined to marvel at it.

Take a person who has been living on improperly selected food and put him upon a scientific diet in which the food Grape-Nuts is largely used and the increase of the mental power that follows is truly remarkable.

A Canadian who was sent to Colorado for his health illustrates this point in a most convincing manner: "One year ago I came from Canada a nervous wreck, so my physician said, and reduced in weight to almost a skeleton and my memory was so poor that conversations had to be repeated that had taken place only a few hours before. I was unable to rest day or night for my nervous system was shattered. "The change of climate helped me a little but it was soon seen that this was not all that I needed. I required the proper selection of food although I did not realize it until a friend recommended Grape-Nuts to me and I gave this food a thorough trial. Then I realized what the right food could do and I began to change in my feelings and bodily condition. This kept up until now after 6 months' use of Grape-Nuts all my nervous trouble has entirely disappeared, I have gained in flesh all that I had lost and what is more wonderful to me than anything else my memory is as good as it ever was. Truly Grape-Nuts has remade me all over, mind and body, when I never expected to be well and happy again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.  
Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



# Schlitz Beer

## Receives World's Highest Endorsement

European government scientist awards Schlitz the highest honor.

From Weihestephan, Bavaria, the most renowned school of brewing in the world, comes this triumph for Schlitz.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous pronounced best American beer by the Bavarian Government's famous scientific brewer, Prof. Dr. Hans Vogel, Director of the Scientific Station for the Art of Brewing, subventioned by the Royal Bavarian Government. Bavaria is the cradle of the art of brewing.

We spend fortunes on cleanliness.

We clean every tub, every boiling vat, tank or barrel, every pipe and pump, every time we use it.

We bore wells down 1400 feet to rock for pure water.

We cool the beer in filtered air.

We filter the beer by machinery.

We store Schlitz beer for months in refrigerating rooms, until it is well fermented — until it cannot cause biliousness.

SCIENTIFIC STATION FOR THE ART  
OF BREWING

WEIHENSTEPHAN, NEAR FREISING

(Subventioned by the Royal Bavarian Gov't)

PROF. DR. HANS VOGEL

ACADEMICAL DIRECTOR

WEIHENSTEPHAN, Nov. 22, 1903.

Schlitz Brewing Co.,  
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Through the courtesy of Commerzienrath (Counsellor of Commerce) Dr. Datterer, I have received several bottles of your beer.

I have not only partaken of same, but have also made a searching chemical analysis, the result of which I enclose.

The analysis, as a matter of course, can give no idea of an important feature, the flavor of the beer.

I frequently receive samples of American beers for analyzation, but I can truthfully say without flattering, that I never drank a better American beer than yours.

The beer tasted full (round) and fresh, and no trace of the usual disagreeable pasteurization flavor was discernible.

Once more permit me to express my recognition.

Very respectfully,

HANS VOGEL.

**Schlitz**

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous!

# Vossische Zeitung

One had but to close the eyes to imagine hearing the Prag Virtuoso Kubelik playing the violin in person.

# Local Anzeiger

Immediately after the artists the Gram-O-phone repeated the songs. The exhibition was very successful.

# Berliner Tageblatt

This trial proves that the Gram-O-phone is not only a valuable means of keeping alive the memory of great artists, but for teaching and study.

# Deutsche Worte

We had an opportunity to compare the singing of the artists themselves with the reproduction of their songs on the Gram-O-phone. There was no perceptible difference.

# Freisinnige Zeitung

Several noted artists sang; then the Gram-O-phone repeated the same songs, and behold the imitation was as perfect as the original.

# Das Kleine Journal

The Gram-O-phone reproduced, with marvelous distinctness and richness of tone, the songs of well-known Berlin and foreign artists. The reproduction easily stood comparison with the living voices of the artists.

# Börsen & Courier

Through the wide-belled horns of the Gram-O-phone, noted artists played, sung and recited with a warmth and force as if they stood before us in person.

# Die Post

The impression the Gram-O-phone made upon the audience was staggering. Among all its many competitors, it reproduced sound in the clearest, most sonorous and artistic manner.



# VICTOR

The improved *Victor Talking Machine* with the *tapering arm* and the *12-inch turn-table* not only brings out the finest shadings of tone and expression that are found in the living voices of the great European opera celebrities, but plays waltzes, marches, polkas, and other music

## Loud Enough for Dancing

Go to one of the many stores that sells the *Victor* and ask to hear one of the new *De Luxe 12-inch Records*. You have never heard anything like it before.

The newspaper clippings represented above are extracts from what music critics of Berlin said of a concert given by the *Gram-O-phone*, which is the European name of the *Victor*.

CARUSO

TAMACNO

Chicago—Talking Machine Co.  
Chicago—Ly on & Healy.  
New York—Victor Distributing & Export Co.  
New York—C. Bruno & Son.  
Philadelphia—Western Electric Co.  
Philadelphia—Penn Phonograph Co.  
Boston—Eastern Talking Machine Co.  
Boston—John C. Haynes & Co.  
San Francisco—Sherman, Clay & Co.  
Atlanta—Phillips & Crew Co.

Cincinnati—Rudolph Wuritzer Co.  
Baltimore—H. R. Eisenbrandt Sons.  
Brooklyn—American Talking Mach. Co.  
Buffalo—P. A. Powers.  
Buffalo—Walbridge & Co.  
Canton—Klein & Heffelman Co.  
Cleveland—Cleveland Talking Mach. Co.  
Columbus—Perry E. Whitall Co.  
Denver—Denver Music Co.  
Detroit—Grinnell Bros.  
Dubuque—Harger & Blish.

Grand Rapids—Julius A. J. Friedrich.  
Indianapolis—Carlin & Lennox.  
Jacksonville—Metropolitan Talking Machine Co.  
Kansas City—Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co.  
Lincoln—Wittmann Co.  
New Haven—Henry Horton.  
New Orleans—National Automatic Fire Alarm Co.  
Omaha—A. Hospe.  
Pittsburg—Theo. F. Bentel Co., Inc.

Rochester—G. B. Miller.  
St. Louis—Victor Talking Machines, Ltd.  
St. Paul—Koehler & Hinrichs.  
Savannah—Yumans & Lee.  
Schenectady—J. A. Rickard & Co.  
Syracuse—W. D. Andrews.  
Washington—S. Kean, Sons & Co.  
Washington—Jno. F. Ellis & Co.  
West Superior—Brunswick Co.  
City of Mexico—J. V. Schmill.  
Honolulu—Bergstrom Music Co.

Victor Talking Machine Co Philadelphia